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THE

M'ELLEN FAMILY:

Charlotte Glover

HISTORY.

IN

FOUR LETTERS FROM A MISSIONARY.



THIRD EDITION.

STEREOTYPED BY JAS. CONNER, NEW-YORK.

New-York :

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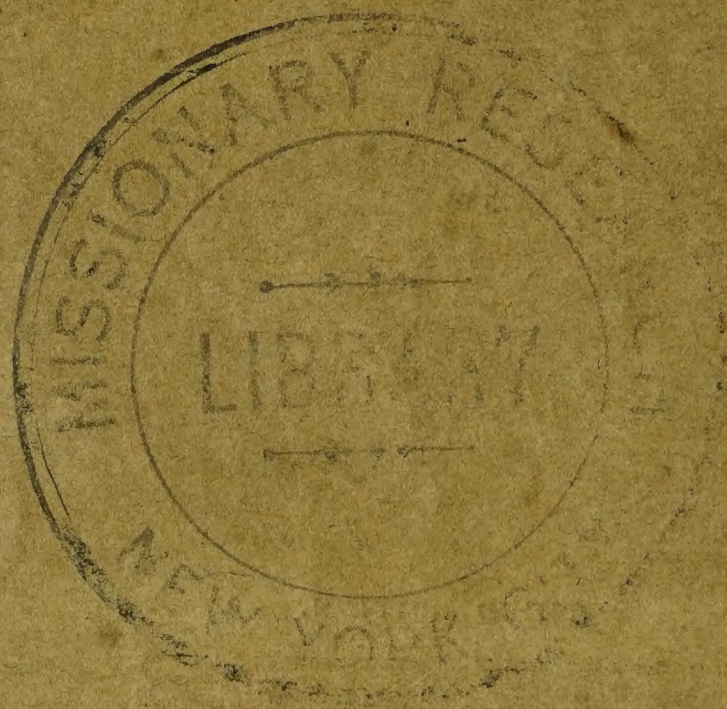
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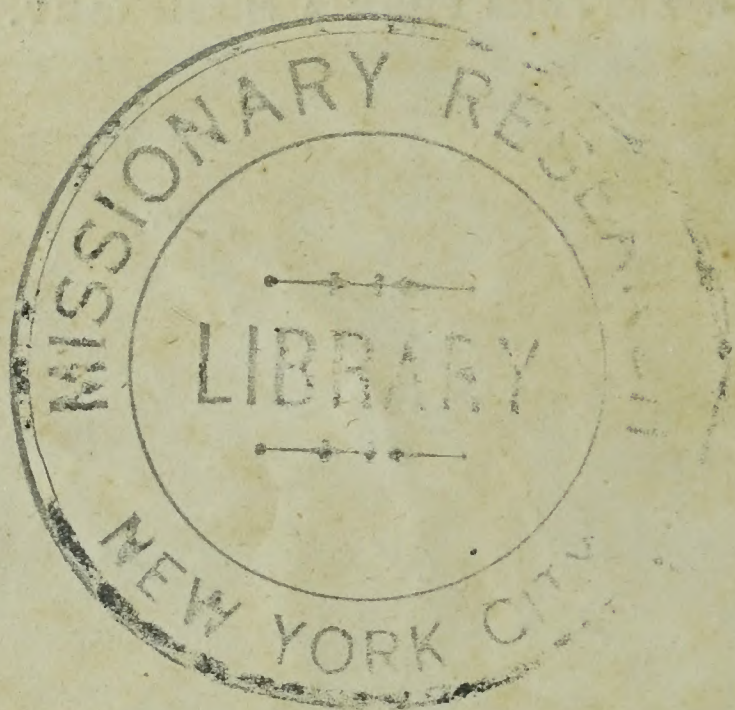
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LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Gospel Messenger.

FROM the great and increasing interest I have felt in a family, with whom I became acquainted about a year since, I cannot refrain from sending you a short sketch of their history.

It was in June of 1826, after having preached at one of my missionary stations, that I was invited by Robert Mc'Ellen to hold a third service at his house on account of his aged mother, who, in consequence of the distance and the indifferent state of her health, was unable to enjoy the privileges of worship. He also added, that she was nearly ninety years old but still retained her mental faculties vigorous and unimpaired.

I of course could not refuse to comply with such a request, and in doing it, I witnessed one of the most affecting and interesting scenes that have ever come within my knowledge.—But I must not begin the narration of it, until I have given some account of the previous history of this family of Mc'Ellens. Joseph and Elizabeth Mc'Ellen planted themselves in this section of country during its early settlement. They had to encounter many hardships, and submit to many privations. This however they did cheerfully, as they were living in the hope of seeing better days. To Joseph Mc'Ellen, these hopes were never realized on earth. A few years only had elapsed, and he fell a victim to one of those fevers, to which all new countries are subject. His

two eldest sons, Robert and Joseph, could hardly be said, at this time, to have entered upon manhood. Upon them, however, devolved the business of paying for their land, and clearing away the thick forest that covered it. In this they were aided not a little by the counsel of their mother, *Elizabeth Mc'Ellen*. She was ever solicitous to form her children to habits of industry, but far more anxious to form their minds to habits of piety.

Mr. and Mrs. Mc'Ellen had been pious from early life, and were warmly attached to the Episcopal church. This was the church of their *choice*. Educated in the bosom of another denomination of Christians they had attached themselves to this, from a conviction of its *superior claims and excellencies*.

In leaving the place of their nativity, and taking up their abode in a new and thinly settled country, they were necessarily deprived of a privilege which the Episcopalian esteems the greatest of all earthly privileges, *the services of his own church*. They did not so feel this privation, until they had arrived at their log-house, and the blessed day of rest found them in the midst of a dense forest. On the morning of the first Sabbath after having taken possession of their new residence, when according to their former custom, every member of the family appeared in clean and comely apparel, the greatness of this privation began to be felt.

"I fear," said Mrs. Mc'Ellen, "in taking the step we have, we have not fully estimated the loss of privileges that we shall sustain. How are we to spend our Sundays?" "Of that I have thought much," said Mr. Mc'Ellen, "and in my reflections upon this subject, I have discovered an additional reason for increased attachment to the Episcopal

church. We have our Prayer Books with us : we can therefore always have the regular service of the church, and on Sundays we will turn our little log-room into a chapel."

This proposition was immediately put into execution, and the service was invariably and uniformly read on Sundays, and all the children taught to join and take their several parts in it, until the sickness and death of Mr. Mc'Ellen. A most interesting scene was witnessed the next Sunday after the death of this worthy man, who like the patriarch of old had been to his family both a father and a priest.

I can in no way give you a better idea of it, than by repeating the narration which I received from Robert Mc'Ellen, who was one of the actors in this scene. This interesting narration was as follows.

"The children were all neatly clad and seated around the room with their Prayer Books. Every thing appeared as it used to, when my father was alive. The little cherry stand stood where it always had, on a Sunday morning. Upon it were laid the large Bible and Prayer Book. My mother had been absent for some half an hour, and, as I supposed, was attending to some necessary domestic concerns. I sat wondering who would fill my father's place. At length my mother entered the room, and, covered with weeds of mourning, proceeded to the little stand and kneeled down before it. We were all silent. In a few minutes she arose. There was a slight flush upon her cheek, a tear stood in her eye, and her lips quivered with emotion. With a tremulous voice she thus began, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." We all instantly arose, and through

the service made the proper responses, with which we were all familiar. My mother continued to read the service with perfect self-control until she came to the prayer, "*for persons under affliction:*" then her voice faltered and her utterance was choked. This was a trying moment to me.—My beloved father was no more. His death was fresh in my recollection. The voices of my little brothers and sisters uttering the responses, were still sounding in my ear. My mother was at this moment kneeling before the throne of God, and borne down by such a load of wounded feeling, that she could not speak. All this was too much for me. It roused within me a flood of sensibility that I could not control. I wept, I sobbed aloud, I looked about with a wild and feverish gaze. All in the room were on their knees—all were silent except myself. The tears were indeed trickling down from all the young eyes around me; but they fell like the dew-drops of evening, in silence. At length my mother proceeded, "Remember these children, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify thy fatherly correction to them, endue their souls with patience under their affliction, and with resignation to thy blessed will—comfort them with a sense of thy goodness—lift up thy countenance upon them, and give them *peace* through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I felt that I wanted peace, but at this time I knew little about "*that peace which the world cannot give.*"

After the conclusion of the service, my mother appeared perfectly calm, and unagitated. She even seemed happy. This was not the case with me.—The burthen of feeling which had pressed me down, continued to rest upon me with its weight.

I scarcely knew what hand had inflicted this wound in my heart. But I wanted comfort.

And as I had seen my mother derive a peace of mind, from the devotions of the Prayer Book, I betook myself to the use and examination of it in secret. In the use of all its prayers I found that I had to address myself to God in the acknowledged character of a *sinner*. I began to feel the truth of this designation. I began to discover that the mysterious burthen under which I was labouring, was the burthen of unforgiven sin, and then I anxiously looked around to find some way, by which I could remove this burthen. Here again I had recourse to my Prayer Book. It told me I never could remove that burthen, but Jesus Christ must take it off. I went to the Bible, and that told me the same thing.

My mind during the two following weeks underwent various exercises. I had revealed my feelings to no one. My mother continued to read the service on Sunday, and to assemble us for family prayer every night and morning. It was during morning prayer on the third Sunday after my father's death, when, in the Litany, my mother uttered this invocation, "O Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," that in repeating the response "*grant us thy peace,*" I first felt the meaning of this petition, and as I uttered it, I felt a peace more than earthly, gently stealing over my soul. And when the same maternal voice, repeated the invocation "O Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," my heart was filled with gratitude, and my eyes with tears, as I joined the response, "*Have mercy upon us.*"

I continued to conceal my feelings. Still I was conscious that I was changed. My heart was filled

with love. As I walked into the field I could see the goodness of God inscribed upon every plant or flower. These were discoveries that never before arrested my attention. My Bible began to appear more and more precious to me, and I was constantly longing for the return of the hallowed day of rest.

One evening as I sat reading to my mother, all the family at this time being out of the room, as I came to this passage, "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature," I stopped and asked her how she understood this passage. My parents had often explained to me the meaning of various parts of scripture, but I had never before presumed to solicit an exposition, and upon a moments reflection felt almost astonished at myself for having done so at this time. Nothing however could have more delighted my mother.—She immediately gave me a clear and succinct account of the *fall* and *depravity* of our race, *the atonement of Christ*, *the agency of the Spirit*, and the *new creation* effected by that agency. She then described the views, feelings and affections of a man while in a state of nature, and compared them with the views, feelings, and affections of that same man after having been renewed by divine grace.

My attention was rivetted, and my heart filled with trepidation. She had described my case exactly. I had disclosed my feelings to no one, yet she delineated them with the utmost precision. She concluded her remarks by saying "that no one, unless he was in Christ and therefore a new creature, must expect to be saved. It was this, the hope gathered from *the blood of sprinkling*, that sustained and comforted your father in his last agony."

"My mother," said I, "I believe I am in Christ Jesus, for I am conscious that I am a new creature."

I then related to her the history of my exercises and told how the prayers of the service, and her reading of them, had by the blessing of God been made the instrument both of my conviction and of my conversion.

Never shall I forget the delights of this moment. My mother threw her arms around me and exclaimed "Robert, when I first pressed thy infant form, my first born child, to my heart, my bosom thrilled with ecstasy; but the delight I then felt was nothing compared with that I feel in holding thee in my embrace, now that thou art indeed a child of God."

Having revealed my feelings to one human being, I no longer felt that it would be sacrilege to disclose them to others. I began to think it was my duty to speak to my younger brother about the momentous concerns of eternity.

For several days I made frequent resolutions to do it, but as often as an opportunity presented, my heart failed me and I could not bring myself up to the effort.

I know not how it is, but I have often observed, that we feel much more reluctance in speaking to our family friends on the subject of religion, than we do in speaking to others.

Several days had elapsed since I had communicated my feelings to my mother. My brother and myself were working together in the same field. In my morning devotions I had fervently implored divine direction in relation to the communication I had determined to make that day to him. A short suspension of our labours brought the desired opportunity. I will not attempt to describe my feelings, nor his agitation. I soon found that his feelings and views had undergone the same change that mine

had, and that he ascribed his first serious impressions to the performances of the interesting Sabbath that followed my father's death. This intelligence in relation to my brother was of course delightful tidings to my mother. She saw new evidence that God does all things well, and that he can make the most afflictive dispensations immediately subservient to his purposes of mercy.

She proposed that I should now act as the Chaplain to the family. I accordingly acceded to her request and performed divine service regularly on Sundays from that time to the organization of an Episcopal Church in this community, a period of almost twenty years. As the land around us began to be taken up, and settlers came in, several of our neighbours repaired to our house regularly on Sundays. They at first came out of curiosity, but in time they became attached to the Liturgy and substantially pious. And several of these individuals ascribed their first religious impressions to the solemn and sublime devotions of the Prayer Book. Thus a regular performance of the liturgy in a private family was the means not only of laying the foundation of a Church, but of awakening numbers to seriousness."

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Gospel Messenger.

I introduced the narrative of Robert Mc'Ellen, to portray, in his own language, the scene which he witnessed the next Sunday after his father's death, and which Divine Providence made the instrument of his conversion. This narrative I received in manuscript from him, and now have it before me. I can in no way so well continue the history of the Mc'Ellen family, as by copying this manuscript. It proceeds as follows :

“ Divine Providence continued to send afflictions along with our comforts. In about six weeks after my father's death, three of the youngest members of our family—a brother and two sisters, were within a few days of each other, called from time to eternity. My mother had scarcely recovered from the fatigue occasioned by attendance upon my father during his last illness, when she was again called to spend wakeful nights by the bed-side of her sick and dying children. The fatigue she had to endure, was increased by the circumstances of our situation. The country was then so new, and thinly inhabited, that we could scarcely be said to have neighbours. Around us on all sides, spread the dense and lengthening forest. When night came on, the howl of the wolf was heard, but no friendly and kind-hearted neighbours entered our dwelling to watch by the bed-side of the sick.

The fatigue occasioned by continual watching, and the anguish with which my mother's heart was wrung, in following her husband and three of her children, within so short a time of each other, to the grave, brought on a fever. From the commencement of her illness, she had a strong presentiment that she should never rise from that sick bed. Several of the ties that once bound her to the earth, were now broken.—One half of her children were gone. The partner of her toils and hopes was sleeping in the earth. In all these dispensations she recognised the hand of God. She did not repine. The same fever which cut down my father, was now burning through her veins. She thought she should die. One evening she called us all around her bed, and told us so. "And now," said she, "my children, remember this hour. See me here all weakness—all pain. Of what avail to me would now be all the honours, and pleasures, and wealth of the world. To me they now appear lighter than the dust in the balance. There is but one object upon which my eye rests with satisfaction; and that object is *Christ crucified*. O, my children, if you would have the arms of everlasting mercy underneath you in such an hour as this, join yourselves by a perpetual covenant, unto the Saviour of sinners; follow him through life, and he will support you in death." She then charged me and my brother to be an example and pattern to our young orphan sister. She said, that she felt no reluctance in resigning her soul to her heavenly father. She felt no reluctance in committing her children to the care and kindness of that God to whom she had dedicated them in baptism. She had but one earthly wish, and that was, that she might once more before

she left this clay tenement, receive the consecrated symbols of her Saviour's dying love.

It so happened, that on that very evening, there arrived at our abode some of our old acquaintances from the place of my nativity. They were of course distressed by our affliction. The conversation very soon took a serious turn. I mentioned my mother's request, and lamented that we were so far removed from any clergyman. Our friends then told us that in the town of M——, where they stayed two nights before, they met some of their old friends who had taken up their residence in that town a number of years previous. Among the other intelligence that they had to communicate to them, was, that a Missionary of the Episcopal church had preached several times to them, and was designing to spend a number of weeks in that quarter; and that although they had formerly had strong prejudices against that church, they began to think more favourably of it.

No sooner had I received this information, than my resolution was taken. I determined to start with the earliest dawn for M——. I sat by the bed-side of my mother till the first faint streaks of light began to appear in the eastern sky. I then gently pressed her hand in mine, and told her that I was going after *the man of God*, and would soon return. I immediately went to the door, but ere I closed it, I turned to gaze again upon the face of my dear mother. A death-like expression sat upon that face. I closed the door. The heavens were still hung with blackness—a sense of perfect desolateness came over me. The thought was strongly impressed upon my mind, that I should never again see my mother alive. I felt anxious to gratify the wish she had expressed; yet I could not endure the thought of her dying

while I was absent. My hand was still on the door when I heard her faintly articulate my name. I hastily raised the latch, and went to her bed. "My son," said she, "do not leave me, until you have commended me to God in prayer." I felt I had done wrong. My heart, however, was too full to speak. I took down the Prayer Book, and opened to the prayer "for a sick person." Never before did words sink so deep into my soul. It seemed to me as though this prayer had been formed on purpose for that occasion—it suited so exactly to the case, and accorded so perfectly with my feelings. No other words could have unburthened my heart. Kneeling by the bed-side, I thus prayed :

"O Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, look down from heaven, we humbly beseech thee, behold, visit, and relieve this thy sick servant. Look upon her with the eyes of thy mercy ; comfort her with a sense of thy goodness ; preserve her from the temptations of the enemy ; give her patience under her affliction ; and, in thy good time, restore her to health, and enable her to lead the residue of her life in thy fear, and to thy glory : or else give her grace so to take thy visitation, that after this painful life is ended, she may dwell with thee in life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I had no sooner uttered the words of this prayer, than my mind felt relieved. My heart grew lighter. I had committed my mother into the hands of God, and I felt that she was safe.

It required but a few minutes to get my horse in readiness, and I rode forward with a bounding heart towards M——. The sun had sunk below the western horizon before I reached the place of my

destination. The distance I had to travel was upwards of forty miles. This, considering the country I had to pass through, was a fatiguing ride. Some part of the way, the trees were barely cut down to designate the road ; and in other parts, the traveller had no other guide than the marks that had been made by an incision in the trees. The weary way was at length passed over. I found the Missionary at the house of a respectable farmer. I told him my errand. The tear glistened in his eye as I briefly told him the story of our afflictions. He promptly said he would accompany me on the morrow. The farmer kindly offered me a bed, to which I soon retired ; not however till we had kneeled around the family altar.

We were on our way early the next morning. There was nothing morose or repulsive in the countenance or manners of the missionary. Although sedate, he was very cheerful. Although dignified, he had the happy faculty of drawing one immediately into familiar conversation. We rode along together for a number of miles, conversing about things that were neither altogether secular, nor altogether religious. As I was a stranger to him, he wished to elicit my views. He soon discovered that I had a love for religion, and before I was aware of it, drew from me the whole history of my religious exercises. I told him I wished to join my mother in partaking of the Holy Communion. He replied that the test for self-examination was well expressed in our Catechism.—“Those who desire to come to the Lord’s Supper, are to examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God’s

mercy, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and be in charity with all men."

Repentance, reformation, faith, love to God and to our fellow men, were, he said, included in this requirement. "And our church," continued he, "desires to admit no one to the sacramental table, who does not give evidence of these qualifications." The conversation continued upon this and similar subjects, through the remainder of the day; and I derived much edification and instruction from the discourse of this godly man. His conversation quite beguiled the tediousness of the journey; and almost before I thought of it, we had arrived in view of our cottage. I hastily rode forward, sprung from my horse, and rushed into the house. I met my brother Joseph at the door. "Is she alive?" said I, but did not wait for an answer—I was instantly by her bed-side, and found her more comfortable than when I left her. The Missionary understood the language of affection, and did not think it rudeness, though I left him so uncereemoniously. My brother took charge of his horse, and invited him in.

The next morning was mentioned as the time of celebrating the communion. In the course of the evening, the missionary received such evidence from my brother's conversation, of his having passed through the "new birth unto righteousness," that he advised him to receive the sacrament on the morrow.

His conversation with my mother was very reviving to her. He seemed to us all like a ministering angel. He spoke to my sister Mary, and intreated her to join her brothers, now that they were on their way to Zion. Mary was only fifteen years old at this time. Her heart was all tenderness and sensibility. She

could not speak, but burst into a flood of tears. Since my father's death she had been apparently very thoughtful and serious. I had once or twice seen the tears gush from her eyes, while reading to herself in the Bible: but the moment she perceived I observed her, she made an effort to be more than ordinarily cheerful. I supposed that these effusions of sensibility were called forth by the recollection of the death of her little sisters, and her father.

The morning came. It was in one of the summer months. All nature was fresh and fair. The sun was pouring down his warm rays upon the smiling earth.—Sometime before the appointed hour for celebrating the holy eucharist, I walked out for the purpose of religious meditation. I directed my course towards a large tree that stood at no great distance from the house, that I might enjoy the coolness of its shade. As I approached the tree, I observed the slender form of my sister. She was in the act of prayer, and on her knees. I stole softly along to her side, without apprizing her of my presence. She seemed to be pouring out her soul in all the fervency of devotion. She was so young and so amiable, and appeared so interesting, and so heavenly, in the lone field, lifting up her heart to God, that I could hardly refrain from weeping. She was startled, when having finished her devotions she discovered me at her side. But I clasped her in my arms, pressed her to my bosom, and told her it gave me more pleasure to see her where I had seen her, than it would to have seen her on a throne. She wept and sobbed aloud for a long time. At length she said, "O that I was a Christian." I tried to point out the way in which she should seek to be one indeed. I soon learnt that her mind was religiously impressed at the very time, and by

the very circumstances that mine was. That which agitated her on the present occasion was, her anxiety to join us in partaking of the Lord's Supper. Although she had for some time felt a heavenly peace of mind, still she had such a deep sense of her own unworthiness, that it made her tremble to think of presuming to approach the table of the Lord. By her consent I went to the house and intimated to the Missionary that I wished to take a short walk with him: I immediately retraced my steps to the same tree, and on the way informed him of the object for which I had called him out. He appeared thoughtful, but said nothing.

When we had come where my sister was, he sat himself down in the shade, and with an affectionate voice said, "I am rejoiced, Mary, to hear that you are desirous to set your face towards Zion. The Holy Eucharist which we are soon to celebrate, is designed 'to strengthen and refresh our souls,' that 'we may run and not be weary, and that we may walk and not faint.'"

He then took a Prayer Book out of his pocket, and continued, "You feel too unworthy to come to the feast of the Lamb. I will read you part of the prayer in the communion service, immediately before the consecration of the elements, which is said in the name of all those who are about to receive the communion. 'We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy.' You see that none of us trust in our own worthiness—but in the worthiness of Christ. In going to the

sacrament, you go trusting in the name and merits of Jesus. If you have truly repented of your sins, and are resolved to lead a new life, by refusing to go to the table of the Lord, you declare that you have not faith in the atoning blood of Christ." We all returned in company to the house. The hour had arrived for the service to commence.

All that have ever witnessed the celebration of the Lord's Supper in public, agreeably to the service of our church, pronounce it the most impressive scene that they ever witnessed. But there is something still more impressive where it is celebrated in a sick room.

The idea that one of the persons who is about to partake of the sacred elements, will in a few hours partake of the feast of the Lamb in the kingdom of God, spreads an awe and sacredness over every thing around us. This person, is one of our family friends to whom we feel endeared by ten thousand sacred recollections. Perhaps it is a mother. The traces of the bony fingers of death appear on her countenance. That eye which watched over us in infancy and childhood, is faded and sunken. That look of kindness which dwelt so fondly *on us* has almost disappeared beneath the pale signet of the king of terrors. 'There lies my mother, whose bosom was my pillow, and whose arms were my cradle. She is receiving the bread and wine for the last time on earth. Soon that dear form will be beneath the turf, and that pure spirit beyond the skies.' O there is enough in these thoughts to hallow every feeling!

I know not what may be the objection that other denominations have to administering the communion to the sick, but I believe it is not practised by any

of the Protestant Churches except our own. It is certainly an act which invigorates the soul of the sick, and makes deep and lasting impressions upon those who witness it.

Such at all events were the happy effects of the administration of the Lord's Supper, in the instance I am now speaking of.

The service commenced. The voice of the Missionary on this occasion was more than usually soft and plaintive. He was a man of sensibility. He had heard the story of our afflictions, and he was acquainted with the history of our blessings. The promptings of his own heart expounded to him the meaning of that sacred injunction, "of weeping with those that weep." To me the whole scene was a scene of intense interest. As the service proceeded, my thoughts became completely engrossed in the devotions of this sublime office. I was particularly struck with *the confession*. It seemed to meet my case exactly. Had an angel dictated it, it could not have expressed more fully the feelings that were then glowing in my bosom. It seemed as though we were in the very porch of heaven as the Missionary with tremulous and silvery tones, breathed forth its penitential acknowledgments—"Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed by thought, word, and deed, against thy divine majesty; provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings—the remembrance of them is grievous unto us—the burthen of them is intolerable. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most

merciful Father." Never before did I feel so much the weight and hatefulness of sin, as while uttering this confession. Every now and then I heard my mother's voice faintly articulating some part of this prayer. In the sublime devotions of the communion service, her thoughts seemed to be borne away from earth.

The elements were now consecrated. I looked at my mother and saw that she was calm and tranquil. Her eye rested upon myself and my brother, as we came forward, and kneeled before the table, on which were placed the symbols of the broken and bleeding body of Jesus. She seemed to look a blessing towards us. Twice had the man of God said, "the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life," before my sister left her seat,—she then rose and came, and kneeled by my side. Her whole frame shook with emotion. My mother knew nothing of her state of mind, or of her determination.

To see her young and tender daughter, so unexpectedly come forward and consecrate herself to God, aroused in her bosom a tide of feeling that she could not control. The tears rushed down her cheeks, and the serenity, that had rested upon her countenance, fled. She drew the clothes of the bed over her face and sobbed aloud. For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room. Then in trembling accents, the Missionary proceeded in the administration of the Sacrament. He went to my mother and presented the elements to her. As she received the sacred chalice, ere she raised it to her lips, she lifted up her eyes and said aloud, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Mine eyes have seen all my chil-

dren eating at thy table. Grant that I and they may sit down together at thy table in thy Kingdom above. I had thought, to leave these children orphans, but they cannot be orphans, since adopted into thy family. Holy Father, keep through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me. I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil."—

I must here break off the narrative of Robert Mc'Ellen, and close my communication. The manuscript that I have, states, that Mrs. Mc'Ellen's fever in a few days took a favourable turn, and she was speedily restored to health. It gives a history of the family up to the time of my acquaintance with them, in which are to be found several interesting details. I may give you some of these sketches at some future period. In my next, however, I intend to give you an account of a scene I witnessed in this family, on the Sunday evening that I preached at their house.

LETTER III.

To the Editor of the Gospel Messenger.

THE log-dwelling that had formerly been occupied by the Mc'Ellen family had been removed, and in its place there appeared a neat and spacious farm-house. This was now the residence of Robert Mc'Ellen, in whose family his aged and venerable mother was an inmate.

I have before observed that it was in the month of June, when I first approached this dwelling. There did not then spread a wide and impenetrable forest around it: but for miles in every direction there stretched before the delighted eye finely cultivated fields, luxuriant orchards, and well-arranged farm-houses—here and there were seen fragments of that once boundless forest, reserved by the cultivator of the earth, for a retreat to shelter him from the summer's heat, and for fuel to dispel the winter's cold. The foliage of the trees at this time, was unusually thick, rich, and beautiful. Not one of those ten thousand leaves which had so recently burst into being, had as yet felt the blighting touch of the worm, the sun, or the frost; but they all appeared fresh and verdant.

On either side of this dwelling were wheat fields waving in the gentle breeze, in all the luxuriance of perfect verdure.

As I was passing through this rich landscape, there seemed to ascend from the soft and beautiful bosom of the earth ten thousand sounds of praise to

the Great Eternal.—There was much in the scenery around me, connected with the history of the inhabitants of the dwelling I was approaching, to attune my feelings to the solemnities of worship.

I did not arrive till the appointed hour of service. A few of the neighbours had come in, but the families of Robert and Joseph Mc'Ellen, being very numerous, constituted the majority of the congregation.

I was led immediately into the room where this grave and devout group were assembled. Before the chair where I was seated, was placed a cherry stand, and on it lay a Bible and Prayer-Book. This was the very piece of furniture, and these the very books, with which, in the minds of that family, were associated so many sacred recollections, and which, the reader will readily remember, were used on a very interesting occasion twenty-five years before.

Near the stand sat the aged and venerable Elizabeth Mc'Ellen. As the minds of all were in a fit frame for devotion, this was very properly considered no time for formal introductions. But although I had never before seen this worthy woman, I could not be mistaken. There was in her countenance, which age had in vain strove to disfigure with wrinkles, an expression of intelligence, and of loftiness of purpose that I have seldom witnessed. By her side sat her daughter, who had rejected numerous advantageous offers of marriage, from her unwillingness to be separated, or to allow any of her affection or attention to be withdrawn from her mother.

The service commenced :—I observed with pleasure that Mrs. Mc'Ellen joined audibly in the responses, and that all her grand-children, for they were all present, seemed proud to imitate her example. They all had their prayer-books, though several of them were quite

young, and all seemed to unite in the service with interest and devotion. How differently educated were these families, who, till recently, had never enjoyed the ministrations of the sanctuary, from some that I have seen in old established congregations!

These parents attached some meaning to the 'solemn vow, promise, and profession' that they made in the name of their children, when they brought them to the sacred waters of baptism. And the regard they continually manifested for the religious education of their children, was seen in the correct deportment and early seriousness of those children.

On the present occasion, the scene was truly interesting. It must have been a scene, upon which an angel could have looked down with a smile. As the worshippers kneeled down in prayer, the place seemed "none other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven." Agreeably to the excellent provision of our admirable liturgy, the devotions were not all performed by one voice; but there went up many united voices together, and there might have then been heard the song of praise ascending from the palsied lip of age, and the lisping tongue of infancy.

According to a custom which I have found useful on such occasions, I did not preach a written sermon, but discoursed in a plain and familiar manner on a passage of scripture, leaving something to be suggested by the circumstances around me.

The passage selected for this occasion was the following—"In the Lord put I my trust." Psalm xi. 1.

After having shown the ground of trust in God, and what it is to trust in him, I proceeded to portray the blessedness of trusting in him. On this article I felt confident that I was saying what a number around me were able to bear testimony to. And as

my eye fell upon the aged and venerable form of Mrs. Mc'Ellen, who seemed even then "ripe for the hand of the reaper, as a shock of corn in his season," I could not refrain from descanting upon the power of trust in God, in the last trying hour when the sun of life goes down—upon its power to sustain the sinking energies of the soul, in that awful moment when it enters the dark valley of the shadow of death. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord ;" for to him, in the hour of death, the Lord will be a Sun and a Shield—a Sun to enlighten the dark chasm through which he must pass, and a Shield to protect him from the fiery darts of the enemy. It is in this hour that the Great Shepherd doth carry his confiding children in his arms, and bear them in his bosom to the haven of everlasting rest.

I saw these remarks went to the heart of her, who was soon to test their truth by actual experiment.

The Hymn selected to close the religious exercises was the 41st.

Though feeble and infirm, I observed that Mrs. Mc'Ellen, in conformity to the appropriate custom universally practised in our church, of standing while praising God, arose at the commencement of the Hymn. As she stood among those who were lauding the Most High, methought *there* was a form, and an attitude, worthy of being immortalized by the hand of a Raphael. For hers had been one of the first order of fine forms—both tall and graceful. The weight of nearly ninety years now caused her to stoop. She united her voice in the singing, and swelled the sound of praise.

The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and had left that beautiful but indescribable aspect on the whole face of nature, which you have often seen

on a summer's day to rest upon those objects over which some tree hath thrown its shade. There was a universal stillness pervading the surrounding scene; and the voice of the singers went up sweetly to the gates of Heaven. To the last line, and the last note in the last line, the voice of Elizabeth Mc'Ellen was distinctly heard. Her voice seemed to swell with richer and more animated sounds in the concluding verse, where the Christian's rest is anticipated,—

“There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of Heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.”—

This was her last earthly song.—She sunk gently into her seat. For a moment a slight quivering shook her frame. Then all motion ceased. Her arms hung nerveless at her side, and her head reclined on her shoulder.

The voices of the singers were raised in the ascription of praise to the Triune God, but her spirit had left its clay tenement, and gone to sing the doxology in the blissful mansions of departed saints: had gone to “bathe in seas of heavenly rest.”

I shall close this narration with an account of her funeral.

LETTER IV.

To the Editor of the Gospel Messenger.

No one that has been bred in the country can have witnessed a funeral in the city without having felt some violence done to the sensibilities of his heart. I have often stood at the corner of some square, upon whose area might be seen, from the earliest dawn even to the midnight hour, bustling thousands, and observed the train of coaches with their sable equipments moving on upon their melancholy errand with slow and solemn pace through this mass of beings, and wondered that it made so slight an impression upon the busy crowd. The funeral train, as it passed, perhaps flung a momentary feeling of solemnity upon the lookers-on, but in an instant the impression was gone. It was like a passing cloud that had darkened for one fleeting instant the splendor of the sun, and then was for ever lost in the effulgence of his bright beams. There was no fellow feeling between the gay world without, and the broken-hearted mourners within those vehicles.

A funeral in the country presents a different aspect. When death enters the humblest cottages, the sympathies of the community are awakened: the whole surrounding neighbourhood participate in the feelings of the bereaved, and go to pay their last respect to the dead. At the appointed hour of the funeral, there may be seen in all directions, the repose and stillness of a Sabbath season.—Men who on no

other occasion are present to witness religious exercises, deem it a debt they owe to society, to attend all the funerals in their neighbourhood.

The worth, distinguished piety, and singular death of Elizabeth Mc'Ellen had drawn an immense concourse of people to witness her obsequies.

Every thing was in readiness when I arrived ; they were waiting to form the procession. The burial ground was about a quarter of a mile distant from Robert Mc'Ellen's house. Twelve strong-framed, but hoary headed men had been selected to bear the body to the grave ; and on each side of the coffin there walked three aged and infirm women as pall-bearers. Behind the coffin followed the children and grand-children of the deceased, and in their rear the promiscuous multitude who had been drawn together on this occasion either by curiosity or regard for the deceased.

The procession was no sooner in motion, than an aged and venerable man, whom I had always seen at church when I preached at my missionary station in that neighbourhood, joined me and walked by my side. As we preceded the procession, we were frequently so far before the bearers that we might have with propriety engaged in conversation. But I was too deeply impressed with the solemnity of the present scene, and the recollection of the past history of this family, to open my lips. For a short distance we moved on in silence ; then in a subdued and under tone of voice, the aged man said "Elizabeth has gone to rest."

I replied "that I believed she had died, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the catholic church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and

holy hope, in favour with God, and in perfect charity with the world."

"O yes," said the honest and warm-hearted man, "I have known her for a long time. I lived on the hill yonder when all this country was covered with woods—when the neighbours could not see each other's houses. I have known Elizabeth ever since. When we first came into this country, I thought I would go down one Sunday and get acquainted with the Mc'Ellen family. I had never thought much about religion, and expected to find the folks there thinking and feeling as I did.

On the way I thought of a thousand amusing things to say, and was determined to convince them that I was a clever fellow. I therefore entered the house without much ceremony; but in an instant all my merry thoughts were gone. Instead of finding the family lounging round in idleness, or engaged in some amusement, the first thing that struck my eye was the whole family on their knees, except Robert, who just the moment I entered, was reading the fourth Commandment "*Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.*" My attention was rivetted—my conscience began to awake. And when at the close of the commandment, they all around the room, young and old, put up this petition, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law;" I experienced sensations that I shall never forget. When the service and sermon were through, the family very cordially welcomed me to their house, saying that they would have church the next Sunday, and should be happy if I would attend. I returned home, thoughtful. The sermon that was read dwelt upon my mind. The subject was *the use of the means of grace*: and the object of the

discourse was to show that we never need to expect salvation until we sought for it, and sought for it in the appointed way. All this was contrary to the creed of my forefathers. I had been early taught that man can do nothing towards obtaining salvation, and that he must wait until moved by the irresistible grace of God. Still I thought the sermon I had heard, had a good deal of good sense and scripture on its side. I mused on this subject most of the following week. The next Sunday, I and my wife Jane went down to the Mc'Ellens and stayed through both Services. Jane's heart, I believe, was more tender than mine. She was entirely overcome by the sermon, which was on this text, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Jane was so much affected that she wept. Mrs. Mc'Ellen had a tender heart.—As soon as the exercises were through, she went to Jane and kindly took her by the hand, and told her she was happy to see her, and form an acquaintance with her—but most of all, happy to see that she felt interested in the momentous concerns of eternity.

"No," said Jane, "I have neglected these things all my life, and I fear I have lost my soul."

I shall never forget with what a look of kindness Elizabeth Mc'Ellen then fixed her eyes upon Jane. "No," said she, "my dear woman, there is an all-sufficient Saviour for you." She then talked so engagingly and affectionately about Jesus, and his dying for poor sinners, that she made us all weep.

On our way home, my wife said to me "James, why have we not thought of these things before?—*What will it profit us*, if we gain the whole world, and at last lose our souls?" My heart was too full to make any reply.

From this time, Jane began to read her Bible and pray.—She soon found peace.

After this we attended church at the house of the Mc'Ellens, constantly.

O yes, it was Elizabeth Mc'Ellen that first turned the eye of my poor Jane to Jesus. Poor Jane! She died about three years ago; but she died blessing Elizabeth Mc'Ellen, and rejoicing in God her Saviour."

Here the worthy man drew the back of his hand across his face to brush away the big tears that had gushed forth at the remembrance of his departed wife.

He then continued—"Yes, Elizabeth has done much for us. It was she that first tore from me the belief, that if saved at all, I should be saved by a particular decree of election from all eternity. She tore from me this broken reed upon which I was leaning. It was she that brought me fully to see myself as a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, and needing an infinite Saviour. It was she that first taught me to see the excellencies of that invaluable treasure *the Prayer Book*—the book next, in my mind, to the Bible. Its prayers have not only helped my devotions, but have taught me how to live; and in some measure, I hope, prepared me to die.

Yes, she taught me to love the Prayer Book: and I thank my God that I know something of its worth. I find I can in no other way get so far into the porch of Heaven, as with its words in my mouth, and its sentiments glowing in my heart."

My friend would have continued his conversation, but we had now already entered the gate of the burial ground; and the moment had arrived, when one of the most impressive offices of that liturgy which he had been so highly eulogizing, was to commence.

The ground allotted to the dead, was guarded from the unhallowed tread of beasts, by a strong enclosure. The spot was some distance from the road.

Near the gate of the grave yard there was a cluster of tall pines. As the coffin passed beneath them, their waving tops seemed to utter a plaintive sigh. The tread of the long procession seemed to be noiseless. All were moving on, pensive and silent.

But the stillness of the surrounding scene was now, perhaps to many who were then present, *unexpectedly*, interrupted by the sound of these words: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

There was something in these words, connected with the place where they were uttered, that seemed to send a thrill through every heart in the procession. The sound of these words died away on the air, and then we moved on a few paces in silence.

The silence was soon again interrupted by this solemn declaration of Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

We had by this time arrived at the grave. I perceived from the plain stone that was set up to inform the stranger what dust mouldered beneath it, that the grave of Elizabeth Mc'Ellen was dug by the side of her husband's. No delay was occasioned by opening the coffin. The descendants of the deceased had taken their last look of their mother before she was brought into the open air; and they revolted at

the idea of exposing her corpse at the grave, to the gaze of a promiscuous multitude. This custom, even now almost universally prevalent in the country, appears to me to be among the remains of barbarism, and must ever shock the feelings of refined sensibility.

The coffin was immediately placed upon two spades, which were laid transversely over the grave.

The mourners gathered around ; and there seemed much in the following sentences that were rehearsed, to compose the feelings, and prepare the minds of all for the scene that was to succeed : “ Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.”

“ In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour but of thee, O Lord, &c.”

When these sentences had been rehearsed, the coffin was let down into the grave. The eyes of all the Mc'Ellen family were dim with tears ; but they followed the descending coffin down to its deep and dark resting place. There was no loud wailing—no affected grief—no mockery of wo. It was nature yearning over the grave of one that was tenderly loved.—Nature bid them weep : but their eyes glistered with hope, even while they were filled with tears. They looked away from the grave up to that heavenly country, where they had every reason to believe the soul of their departed mother was resplendent, as a star in the firmament of Heaven.

If the heart of one spectator remained untouched by the solemnities that had been already witnessed, surely it must have relented when the spade was thrust into the earth, and the solemn act of interment pronounced

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, &c."

The Rubric that is placed immediately after the act of interment in the burial service, directs that the passage from Revelations, there inserted, shall be *said or sung*.

The worthy old man who walked by my side to the grave, as I afterwards learned, had the ordering of the funeral; and he had made arrangement to have that passage sung. I was ignorant of this arrangement. When, therefore, he and those that were around him struck into a chant, and in loud thrilling notes rehearsed that sublime passage, "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me—Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours," I felt almost overpowered by the unexpectedness and fine effect of the performance.

The last four verses of the 12th Hymn were then read and sung.

There was something truly touching in this scene. A large concourse of people were gathered around the remains of an aged and deceased Christian. The coffin had been let down into the grave, and they were standing over it. They were away from any human habitation but the habitation of the dead. Their heads were uncovered, and the white locks of many a way-worn pilgrim showed that Elizabeth Mc'Ellen would soon be followed by some that were standing in that crowd. They were now in the act of praising God.

There is something peculiarly tender in the strains of vocal music, breathed forth in the open air, and among the graves of the dead. And on the present occasion a gentle gust of wind every now and then swept by, and seemed to float the sweet and mellow voices of the singers up to heaven.

As soon as the service at the grave was completed, and the procession began to march back in the same order that it had left the house, my aged friend again joined me, and renewed the former conversation.

"How solemn," said he, "is this service—It always affects me more than the best funeral sermon. As I was saying to you, *that departed saint, Elizabeth Mc'Ellen*, has done much for us. She was a pattern of all that was excellent.

For more than sixty years she had been a pious servant of God, and worthy member of the Church of Christ. But she placed no confidence in all she had done. She was the most humble woman I ever saw. Often have I heard her say, that every year she lived, she saw more and more need of a Saviour.

Every part of the Prayer Book was familiar to her, and her knowledge of the evil of sin, and of the proneness of human nature to err, made her often turn to dwell upon this part of the general confession—

"I have left undone those things which I ought to have done—and I have done those things which I ought not to have done—and there is no health in me."

In the latter part of her life, she spent much of her time in prayer—and, as I have been told by her son, when alone, she would often repeat aloud this petition from the burial service—

"O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer me not, at my last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee."—Her prayer was granted and she has gone home to glory.

I must now bring this narration to a close—and if it has been drawn out so as to be tedious to any of my readers, my apology must be found in the interest I have felt and still feel in this *Family of Mc'Ellens*.

A MISSIONARY.

A H Y M N.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake;
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

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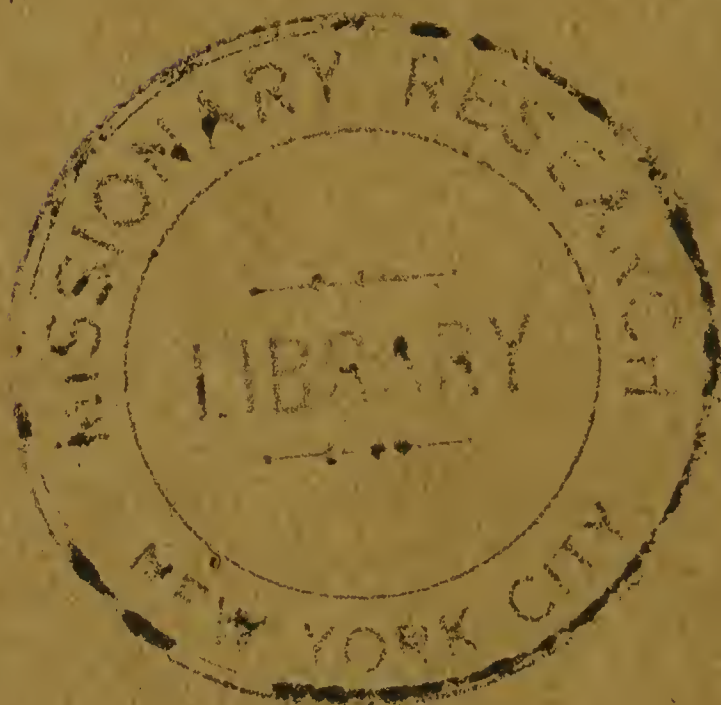


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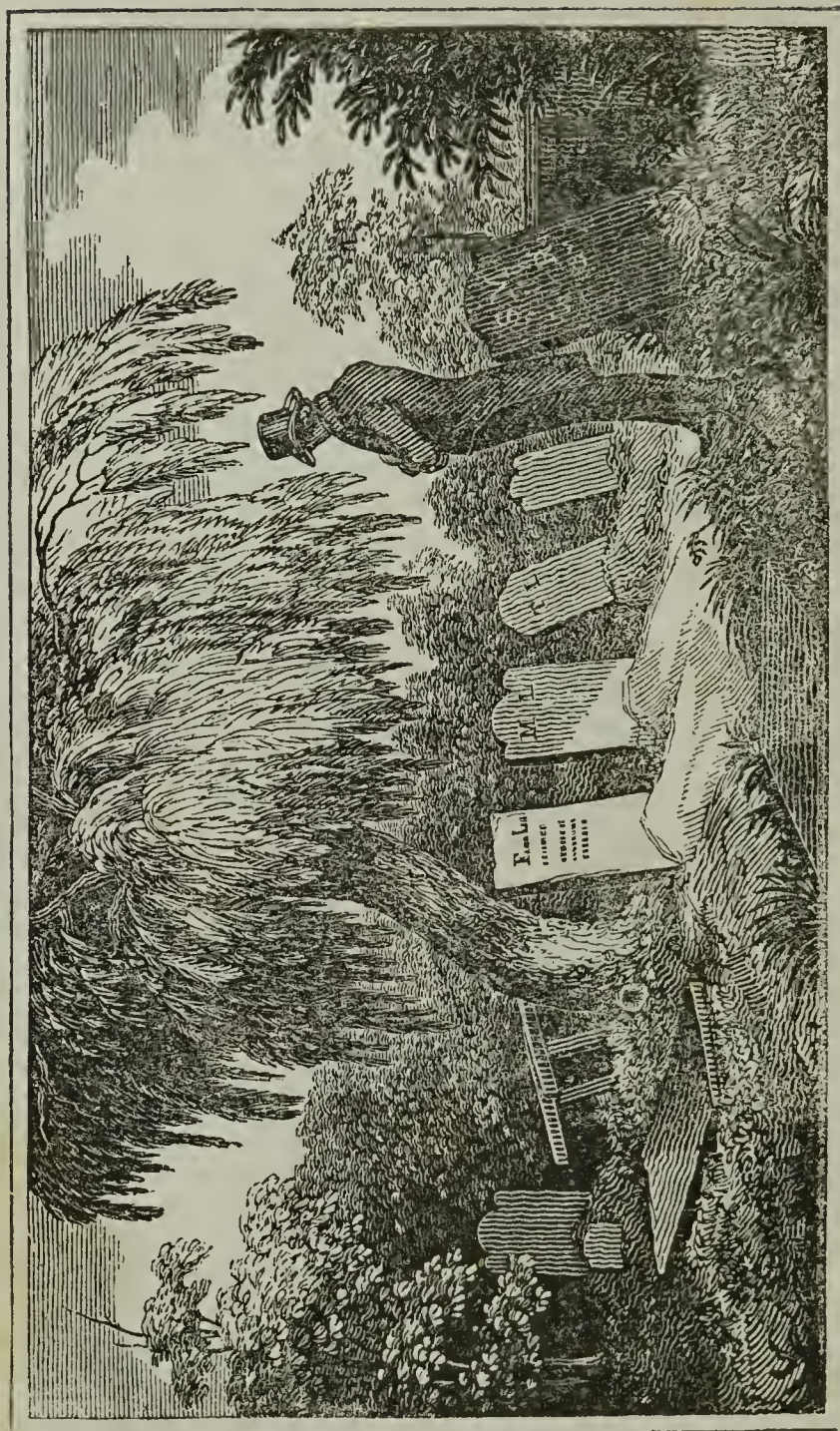
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1830.







"They are now a Family in Eternity."—Page 44.

MEMORY'S TRIBUTE

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THINGS PROFITABLE FOR REFLECTION.

FIRST SERIES.

A FAMILY IN ETERNITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"*THE M'ELLEN FAMILY.*"

New-York :

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1970 P 00000000

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the President of the United States since the year 1789.

George Washington
John Adams
Thomas Jefferson
James Madison
James Monroe
John Quincy Adams
Andrew Jackson
Martin Van Buren
Millard Fillmore
Franklin Pierce
Abraham Lincoln
Andrew Johnson
Ulysses S. Grant
Rutherford B. Hayes
James A. Garfield
Chester A. Arthur
Grover Cleveland
Benjamin Harrison
William McKinley
Theodore Roosevelt
William Howard Taft
Woodrow Wilson
Warren G. Harding
Calvin Coolidge
Herbert Hoover
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Dwight D. Eisenhower
John F. Kennedy
Lyndon B. Johnson
Richard M. Nixon
Spiro T. Agnew
Gerald R. Ford
Jimmy Carter
Ronald Reagan
George H. W. Bush
Bill Clinton
George W. Bush
Barack Obama
Donald Trump

A FAMILY IN ETERNITY.

CHAP. I.

“ Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.
Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I pass'd—and they were gone.
Read ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page,
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.—*Cowper.*

ON a recent tour through one of the Northern States, I stopped at a village situated on a creek, which afforded numerous and extensive advantages and facilities for manufacturing purposes.

There was nothing in the immediately surrounding country, it being rough and broken—nor in the place itself, convenience and economy, rather than taste or elegance, having been studied in the construction of its buildings—particularly calculated to arrest the attention of the traveller, or inspire him with a wish to linger in its neighbourhood. But I had spent several years of my childhood in this place, and the sight of the village as I approached it, awakened feelings of a peculiar character, and essentially different from those which would have been awakened in the bosom of a stranger.

Many years had elapsed since my last visit to this place. Its general aspect had undergone very little

change, but I soon perceived that its inhabitants were to me an almost entire new race of beings.

Having stopped at one of the public inns, I immediately went to visit several spots which were once familiar to me, and with which were associated the fond remembrance of scenes for ever past. As I leisurely strolled through the village, I could see no names on the signs, and but few faces in the street, that I had ever before known. To all whom I met, I was a stranger ; no one recognized me. It at length occurred me, that there was one habitation where I should probably find a number of my old acquaintances—"the house appointed for all living." Thither, therefore, I directed my steps.

I have often thought it a fit and becoming expression of our regard for our deceased friends, to see that the place of their interment is guarded from the profane intrusion of the thoughtless, and the unhallowed tread of brute beasts. Great attention had been paid to this by the former inhabitants of this village. The burial ground was a short distance from the village, in a secluded and rural spot. It was in the form of an oblong square, and protected by a strong enclosure. On each side of the square, various kinds of trees were planted, and especially those which long custom has established, are peculiarly appropriate to shade the ashes of the departed. The avenue which led from the high-way to this resting place of the dead was studded on either side with a row of weeping willows, which hung their drooping branches so mournfully over the head of him who passed beneath, that no one could reach the place of interment without feeling that he was treading on holy ground.

As I walked up this avenue and entered that sacred area where, in former years, I had so often heard the

solemn notes of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," floating upon the air; and where I had beheld weeping mourners gather in silence around the newly excavated grave, to see the last remains of some dear friend let down into its dark and solitary abode, I could not but stop, and gaze in pensive meditation upon the "heaped hillocks" of earth that lay thick around me. "How populous," thought I, "this 'subterranean city!' How sure its annual increase of inhabitants. Notwithstanding the living seek through monumental stones to keep up and perpetuate the distinctions which existed in life, yet in truth and reality, how are they all lost in the grave! The beggar and the rich man lie equally low, and the worm feeds alike sweetly upon them. The several paths of that busy multitude that are moving in so many directions through yonder streets, will all terminate here. Oh, if this thought could be ever fresh in their minds, how would it abate the ardour with which they pursue the perishing vanities of time! How would it dissipate worldly mindedness, moderate the love of pleasure, and make sensuality itself tremble amid its guilty indulgencies!"

As I passed along from grave to grave, the names that I read upon the stones called up the images of a numerous group that I had once known. Having at length reached a distant corner of the burial ground, I read on four stones that were ranged close to each other.

"Frederick Lindsley, Esq., who departed this life in the 43d year of his age."

"Mary, relict of Frederick Lindsley, Esq., who 'fell asleep in Christ' in the 37th year of her age."

"Hezekiah, son of Frederick and Mary Lindsley, who died in the 8th year of his age."

“ Mary Anna Lindsley, who died in May, &c. in the 18th year of her age—much beloved in life, lamented in death; her memory will be long cherished on earth—her many excellencies can be fully known only in Heaven.”

“ Ah,” said I to myself, as I read these names with a throbbing heart, “ then they are all gone—they are now **A FAMILY IN ETERNITY**—I shall meet them no more till I meet them there.”

I had known this family intimately, and spent many happy hours in their society. Their history was one truly eventful; replete with reverses, and furnishing many instructive lessons to those who ponder the ways of God and consider the operation of his hands.

Mr. Lindsley was a lawyer, and had, at an early age, acquired not only eminence in his profession, but in a distinguished degree the confidence of the community in which he resided. This confidence had been inspired, not only by his accurate and extensive legal knowledge, but by great integrity of character and uprightness of conduct.

He was particularly blessed and happy in his family. Mrs. Lindsley, the partner of his bosom, added to polished manners and a well balanced mind, great amiability and sweetness of temper. She was the mother of two interesting children. The oldest, was a daughter, who, at the time that our narrative commences, was about twelve years of age. Mary Anna bore an exact resemblance to her mother in all the delicate touches and interesting features of her character.

Mr. Lindsley, among his many other excellencies, was distinguished for his kindness and great hospitality. In him the poor and the fatherless found a friend, “ the

the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him," and often he "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

His wife and children he almost idolized. Where their comfort or happiness was concerned, he spared no expense, shrunk from no sacrifices. His home was a little paradise, where all hearts seemed bound together by the rosied wreath of love. All who visited his house went away with the full impression, that if there was a happy family on earth, it was Mr. Lindsley's.

This family, however, had not yet obtained the pearl of great price. They were constant in their attendance upon public worship; and an event about this time occurred which awakened in their minds new sensibility in relation to the subject of religion.



CHAP. II.

"Afflictions from above,
Are angels sent
On embassies of love."—*Merry.*

THE unnumbered blessings which a kind Providence spreads around us, and the manifold tokens of divine regard which we daily receive, were, one would think, sufficient to melt our hearts into gratitude, and win us to the service of God. But long experience has shown, that men are usually never more unmindful of their Creator than when they are feasting upon his richest bounties, and their sky is irradiated by the brightest rays of his mercy. Affliction, with dark and terrific form, must cross our path, blighting the fondest hopes, and desolating the fairest prospects, before we can be re-

called to a sense of our duty. And happy is it, if the blighting of earthly hopes, and the bitter pangs of earthly bereavement lead us to fly to the bosom of God, and to seek shelter beneath the outspread wings of covenanted mercy.

The voice of sorrow and mourning was now heard in the dwelling of Mr. Lindsley. His only son, a lad about eight years old, had fallen from a neighbouring hay-loft and was taken up dead. Mr. Lindsley was absent on business when this melancholy event occurred. As soon as the intelligence reached him he instantly hastened home. Never shall I forget his expression and attitude as he entered the room and approached the corpse of his child. His hands were clenched—every feature of his countenance was wrought up into an expression of agony—and his whole frame shook with emotion. He stood and gazed for a moment upon the sweet and motionless face of his boy—and then, as if he could no longer restrain himself, rushed from the room to give vent in private to his feelings.

After the funeral had past, and the first excess of grief had subsided, this family were visited by the minister of the place, and kindly but faithfully reminded, that the bereavement which they had sustained was a solemn admonition from God, urging them to enter upon the business of their everlasting salvation. His words were listened to with seriousness and attention.

A change, from this time, was discoverable in both Mr. and Mrs. Lindsley. The spirit of God seemed to have touched their hearts.

I know not whether Mrs. Lindsley was more deeply impressed than her husband, but she certainly cherished more sacredly her serious impressions, and resolved

at an earlier period to make a complete surrender of herself to her Saviour. She had not been baptized in infancy, and she very justly thought that the way of obedience was the way of her duty. She therefore determined, in obedience to the divine injunction of that Saviour to whose free and unmerited grace alone she looked for mercy, to make a surrender of herself to Him in the holy sacrament of baptism.

Having come to this determination, she sought a fit opportunity to communicate her intention to Mr. Lindsley. About three months had now elapsed since the death of their son. Mrs. Lindsley and her daughter were one day sitting together alone, when Mr. Lindsley came in and sat for awhile silent and apparently in deep thought.

"I have been thinking," at length said Mrs. L., addressing herself to her husband, "I have been thinking for some days to speak to you upon a subject that lies very near my heart. In the death of our boy we have had a most striking proof of the emptiness and instability of all that this earth can give. I feel that I have need of a divine comforter. I wish to seek him in the way of his appointment. I wish to cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and ask him to wash me in 'the fountain that has been opened for sin and uncleanness.' I wish to be baptized."

Mr. L. was deeply affected by these remarks. The veins in his forehead became distended, and upon every feature were visible the workings of a troubled soul. The tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion. For some time he could not speak. At length he said,

"Wait, my dear, a few weeks, and perhaps I shall

feel authorised to accompany you to the baptismal font, for I have never been baptized." He could say no more. He arose and left the room.

Mrs. Lindsley followed with her eye the retiring steps of her husband, offering up to the Divine Being a secret petition that the Holy Spirit might accompany him wherever he went, revealing to him his character as a sinner, and constraining him to fly to the foot of the cross for mercy and life. When she turned her eyes towards Mary Anna, whose presence she had entirely forgotten in the deeply absorbing train of reflection that had been passing through her mind, she saw her bathed in tears. Her first thought was, that this gush of sensibility had been called forth by the deep feeling she had just witnessed in her parents. Mrs. L. therefore, did not think fit to intimate by any remark that she noticed this burst of tenderness in her daughter.

After a little interval Mary Anna was the first to interrupt silence, by the following innocent, artless, and affecting train of remarks; and as she spoke, the tears were still glistening in her eyes.

"Mother, I hope, dear father will become pious and be baptized. For I was reading this morning in the Gospel of St. John, and it has been sounding in my ears ever since, 'he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.' I hope father will be saved, don't you mother?"

"Child," said her mother, her heart ready to burst with emotion, "it is highly proper that you should feel a tender and affectionate solicitude in reference to the eternal salvation of your dear father, but of vastly greater importance that you should feel an anxiety about your

own everlasting condition, and learn to ‘remember your Creator in the days of your youth.’”

“Dear mother,” said Mary Anna, “how long I have wished to talk with you on this subject. I have been thinking all day what an awful thing it would be, to be damned—to be shut out forever from Heaven, and cast down to that place where, the Bible says, ‘the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched;’ and I sometimes fear, that I shall be shut up there, for I am *such a sinner!*”

“How long since you have had these feelings and reflections?” inquired her mother.

“Ever since I can remember,” said she, “at times. But these thoughts have dwelt continually in my mind since last spring. I went out one day to gather wild flowers. As I was wandering around, all at once it occurred to me, how beautiful and lovely are the works of God! The trees had just put on their new foliage—the meadows and pastures were covered with fresh verdure—the violets bloomed all around—the blossoms hung upon the peach trees—every breath of air seemed full of fragrance—the sun shone with all its splendour and brightness over every field and seemed to tip every flower with new tints of beauty—a thousand little insects were buzzing and dancing through the air—the birds were singing sweetly from every bush and bramble—the lambs were skipping over the hills, or chasing in little troops through the plain—all seemed joyous, and thankful, and glad. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear, ‘Shall all these praise God and you forget him?’ Oh, how my heart then sunk within me. I sat down and wept. I tried to pray—to bless God; but then I felt that I was so great a sinner—I had forgotten God so long, and loved him so little—

that I could not pray. It seemed as if he frowned upon me with a look of wrath. I came home sorrowful. I kept thinking for many weeks about this, and when Hezekiah died I felt as though God designed his death as a warning to me ; and there has not been a day from that time to this, that I have not thought about dying--and when I have been alone and thought over all the wrong things I have done, I have often felt as though there was no hope for me. But the other day I was reading in my Bible this passage, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I had just before been thinking, what an 'intolerable burthen' my sins were ; and the thought occurred to me, am I not one of those who are 'labouring and heavy laden?' Am I not one of those to whom the Saviour here says? 'I will give you rest.' I could not but rejoice. It seemed as if I had all at once found Him that would save me ; and ever since then, I take delight in nothing so much as in reading about Christ. Mother, do you not think that Christ will have mercy upon me? May I not then also be baptized?"

This guileless, unsophisticated, and almost infantile discourse of Mary Anna quite overcame the feelings of her mother. Her heart was too full for utterance. Embracing her daughter, she bathed herself and her child in tears of tenderness and joy.

CHAP. III.

"Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armour on.

* * * *

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God."

WHEN it is recollected that Baptism is the sign and seal of the Christian covenant—a covenant entered into between creatures whose breath is in their nostrils, and that Omnipotent Being who "is from everlasting to everlasting"—that all his mercies are covenanted mercies—that the very idea of a covenant implies the greatest condescension on his part, inasmuch as he thereby binds himself by a promise, assuring those that love and fear him that though "the mountains depart and the hills be removed, his kindness shall never depart from them, nor the covenant of his peace be removed"—when these several particulars are recollected, it is truly astonishing, that, on the one hand any who have not repented of their sins, who have not resolved to turn from every evil way, and devote themselves, soul and body, to the service of God, should presume to approach the baptismal font, or seek to be washed in the mystical waters of baptism, as though "the putting away of the filth of the flesh," not "the answer of a good conscience toward God," would make them clean in his sight; and on the other hand, that any who desire pardon and mercy, who are seeking renovation of heart, and some special token of God's loving kindness, should think lightly of this blessed sa-

crament, instituted on purpose to initiate them into the family of the Most High.

Mr. Lindsley, for a number of weeks after the conversation related in the last chapter, appeared very thoughtful and serious. He assembled his family night and morning, and read to them some affecting portion of scripture. He was evidently under deep convictions of sin, and "almost persuaded to be a Christian."

Mrs. Lindsley was cheering herself from day to day with the hope that the time was not far distant, when herself, her husband, and their only child, would stand before the baptismal font to enter into an everlasting covenant with Jehovah. She did not, however, think it expedient to mention the subject again to her husband, presuming that when his mind was in a fit state he would himself propose it.

Mr. Lindsley was a firm believer in the truth of the Christian religion, and in its vital and practical influence upon the heart and life. He could not have borne the idea of dying without its consolations. He meant to save his soul. But still he did not now feel ready to obey the call of Christ, to give up all and follow him. He stood so connected with men of business, and by his professional duties was so frequently brought in contact with the world, that he feared he could not sustain the Christian character consistently. Such were the evil suggestions of a heart that still clung to the world. Though in most points, a man of great decision and fearlessness, Mr. Lindsley shrunk from the imputation of *devoted piety*.

He soon began to resist the strivings of God's spirit. He secretly tried a thousand expedients to extract the arrows of conviction from his soul. He sought to ba-

nish his serious reflections by becoming immersed in professional engagements, and at length his seriousness began gradually to wear off.

Mrs. L. observed this with alarm. It was Sunday morning. She had been long hoping, as the morn of that sacred day week after week returned, that he would announce to her his desire to approach the baptismal font. But she had waited in vain. She determined to wait no longer. She therefore renewed the conversation on the subject of their receiving this holy ordinance.

Mr. L. at first seemed averse to speaking upon the subject. Mary Anna was present and ventured to make a remark. "Do, my dear father," said she, "go with us and be baptized."

The sensibility of the father was touched by the solicitude of his child, and he thus replied:

"I do not think that my feelings or character will warrant so solemn a profession on my part, as I must necessarily make in receiving baptism. But do not wait for me. Next to being admitted myself into the fold of Christ's flock, nothing can give me so much pleasure as to know that my wife and child are numbered among the children of God. Appoint next Sunday for the time of receiving that holy ordinance, and perhaps"—a tear started from his eye as he spoke—"perhaps I shall then think differently."

The rubric that precedes the baptismal service, requires that in all cases where adult persons are to receive baptism, "*timely notice shall be given to the minister, that so due care may be taken for their examination,*" to ascertain whether they possess the proper qualifications. In conformity to this standing rule, the intention of Mrs. Lindsley and her daughter was

signified to the clergyman to whose congregation they were attached, with a request that he would call and allow them to converse with him on the subject. The request was most cheerfully complied with, and the evidence they gave that they were truly under the influence of divine grace, was every way satisfactory.

A part of the conversation that passed between the clergyman and Mary Anna was as follows :

"I am rejoiced," said he, "to see one so young, resolving to devote herself to the service of her heavenly father."

"I fear," was her judicious reply, "I fear I am not too young to be lost if I should die without a Saviour."

"Very true," replied the minister. "But have you duly considered the responsibility that you take upon you by this act? There are many pleasures and gayeties, styled in the catechism 'the vanities of the world,' to which young people are usually devoted; these, by your baptismal vow, must be forever renounced. That vow binds you to all the duties and high responsibilities of a Christian. It was customary in the primitive Church for persons, immediately upon receiving baptism, to be presented with a white robe, which they were to wear for a number of days in token of the purity of life, which, by profession, they were bound to exhibit. Remember, my young friend, that you are about to put on a robe that will be soiled by every contact with the world."

"The pleasures of the world," said Mary Anna, "I can renounce without regret; but I am sensible of my own weakness. To keep that white robe unstained, is, I am persuaded, utterly beyond my power. But may I not hope, that if I unite myself to Christ in the way of

his appointment, he will give me strength to do what I could not do alone."

"Yes, you may"—said the minister. "For St. Paul declares that he had no sufficiency in himself, but yet looking unto the Saviour, he says, 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'"

It was hoped by Mrs. Lindsley that her husband would have been present at this interview. But he evidently sought to avoid it, and was accordingly absent at the time.

The next Sunday arrived. The afternoon had been appointed as the time of receiving that long anticipated rite, which was to engraft Mrs. Lindsley and her daughter into the visible body of Christ. But when she rose from her seat to go forward to receive that holy rite, her frame trembled, her step was unsteady, a death like paleness sat upon her countenance, and her heart was weighed down with sorrow. It was not that she went *reluctantly* to dedicate herself to the service of her Saviour, but that she went *unaccompanied by him whose happiness was her own*—that she went thus wrapped in a cloud. The thought at that moment crossed her mind that they might finally and everlastingly be separated. It was that dreadful and agonizing thought that shook her frame with trembling, rendered her step unsteady, spread paleness over her features, and pressed her down with a load of sorrow.

When Mrs. Lindsley and her daughter came forward and stood before the chancel, many eyes in the congregation were turned towards Mr. Lindsley's pew; a disappointment being evidently felt, in not seeing him by the side of his wife and daughter—but his pew was

empty. This was strange, as he was seldom absent from church.

The ceremony proceeded. The meek, humble, and subdued appearance of the mother and her daughter—the tender, affecting and solemn language of the service, made a deep impression upon the congregation. The ordinance, as there is every reason to believe, was made the channel of rich consolation and much spiritual strength to the recipients themselves.

We are now coming to a period in their history, when the reality of their principles was to be put to the test, and all the sustaining influence of divine grace, of which they were partakers, was needed to uphold them.



CHAP. IV.

“And as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind.”—*Epistle to the Romans.*

ABOUT four years had now elapsed since the occurrence of the events related in the last chapter. And in reference to those sweet scenes of domestic happiness, which formerly gladdened the dwelling of Mr. Lindsley, it might well be said “how is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!”

From the Sunday that his wife and daughter received baptism, his views and feelings seemed totally changed. The effort which he made to withstand the strong wrestlings of the Spirit, that then urged him to a surrender of himself to the service of his Saviour, seemed to burst at once from around him all those bands of religion which parental instruction had at first imposed, and

which the belief of years had been strengthening. His respect for divine things was evidently diminished. His trouble of soul was gone. He entered upon the theatre, and took an active part in the scenes, of political life. In the contest and collisions in which he was engaged, and the measures which he thought necessary to adopt to carry his plans, he began to contract habits of dissipation. His business was neglected. A frown, which never before had darkened the sunshine of his home, was now frequently seen on his brow in the midst of his family. Things continued to wax worse and worse, and at the time to which our narrative now refers, Mr. Lindsley seemed to have reached a point in the road of iniquity, from which there was little prospect of return. His once manly and intelligent countenance now bore the red and bloated aspect of intemperance. His business had left him. The most of his property was gone. He spent the greater part of his time in idleness—lounging in bar-rooms, and making merry with a set of companions, who, like himself, had made shipwreck of their character and fortune.

He no longer visited the sanctuary of God. The truths that he there heard troubled him. He no longer read the Bible, for condemnation flashed upon him from its every page.

At this time there was in this village an organized club of sceptics, who styled their body "The Church of Reason." This club was made up of the most profane and profligate in the community—of persons of the most abandoned lives. One common feeling had drawn them together—a desire to find in infidelity, or atheism, or in some other "refuge of lies," a system of belief that would allow them to remain at ease in the gratification

of their lusts, and in the indulgence of their favorite sins.

Such was this "Church of Reason." They convened regularly on the Lord's day. Their chief business was to drink to intoxication, to sing songs, to ridicule the scriptures, and defame religion. With this club Mr. Lindsley connected himself, and in time became its leader and head.

He was no longer the kind and affectionate husband. An utter depravation of moral sentiment seemed to have been wrought in him. In all those points in which his character formerly appeared most amiable, there was now exhibited the most appalling features of fiend-like depravity. That wife whom he had cherished with so much tenderness and love; that daughter whom he had nurtured with so much parental care and kindness—he now seemed perfectly to hate. He took every occasion to wound and mortify their feelings in the presence of company, by uttering the grossest indelicacies and the most Heaven daring profanity. He employed every art and expedient that malevolence could devise, to thwart and disturb them in their religious enjoyments. He sought every opportunity to denounce in their hearing, the Bible, religion and the ministers of religion; and to load them with every vile epithet found in the vocabulary of vulgarity and profaneness.

All this was borne by his amiable wife and daughter with unparalleled meekness and patience. Not one repining or reproachful word was uttered. They had learned in the school of Christ to exercise that "charity which suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things." And daily did they kneel down together before the throne of

God, and put up their joint petitions—the one for a profligate husband, and the other for a hardened father.

This meek and patient endurance of evil did not soften, but seemed to exasperate the feelings of Mr. Lindsley. Conscious that he had injured, irreparably injured, the beings, who of all others loved him most, he was bent upon provoking them to some act of rashness, that he might seize upon *it* as a sort of an apology to himself, for his conduct. Defeated in this object, he became still more and more desperate. Temporal misfortunes began to thicken around him. Deeply in debt—destitute of credit—having no funds that he could control—he at times awoke to the full perception of the horrors of his situation. And at such times, all these calamities were most irrationally and unjustly charged upon his family. His treatment to them at length became so abusive and alarming, that it was deemed necessary for their personal safety to flee their home, and seek shelter and protection under another roof.

One instance, selected from many others of a similar character, will serve to illustrate this remark.

Mrs. Lindsley, naturally of a frail constitution, was now, from the accumulating weight of domestic grief which hung upon her heart, in a wretched state of health. Her pale features, occasionally flushed with an hectic glow, bore evident marks that a worm was already at the stem of life.

It was a cold wintry night, the town clock had already struck twelve. Mrs. Lindsley had just returned from the window, to see if she could catch a glimpse of the returning form of her husband. But no human shape was visible through the dim and shadowy moonlight—all without was still as the repose of the grave,

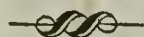
save the creaking of some loose board on the fence, that now and then was swung by the wind. The fire, which had been fed by an economical hand, while the patient wife sat up to watch the return of him, the sound of whose tread after an evening's absence, *once*, made her heart leap with joy—was reduced to a small bed of coals. She had often set up longer and later to wait his return; but now faintness and fatigue constrained her to think of retiring. Again, with feeble and tottering step, she went to the window and strained her eye to see if no signs of his approach could be discovered. But he came not! The lonely hours of that evening she had spent in much prayer for her husband. Faith seemed to assure her, that there was still hope. She wished to welcome his return with kindness. But he came not! Raking the ashes over the expiring embers, she went to her solitary couch with a sad and sorrowful heart.

That evening was spent far differently by her husband. He was presiding in the Atheistical club, and on no previous occasion had he ever gone to such fearful lengths. Having drank deeply, he gave full vent to all the malicious and malignant feelings of his heart. Not content with reviling the piety of men, and the purity of angels, he assailed the throne of God—uttering the most horrid blasphemies, and pouring forth such a torrent of oaths and imprecations, that the whole company were startled, and stood aghast with horror.

It was from such a scene that Mr. Lindsley went to his family about two o'clock in the morning. Finding Mrs. L. had retired, he compelled her to get up and remain in her night dress, in a cold room, where there was no fire, till morning. Having locked the doors of this room, he walked the floor till the day dawned, renew-

ing his strain of blasphemy, and polluting the very atmosphere with incessant profanity.

In vain did the feeble and shivering form of his wife silently appeal to his pity—in vain did she entreat him not to hurl defiance at the throne of God. There was no pity, no feeling in him. His heart was converted into stone. Sin which dragged angels from Heaven—sin which desolated paradise—sin which dug Hell and kindled its unquenchable fires—sin had transformed this man into a fiend.



CHAP. V.

“A death bed ’s a detector of the heart.”—*Young*.

THEY who deny the truth and credibility of the Bible, though they often laugh at the weakness and delusion of Christians, and make loud boast of the fearlessness and undisturbed tranquillity with which they can look upon the approach of death, most generally in that dread and trying hour, turn cowards. The eagerness which they manifest to unsettle the faith of others, and the reckless and impious air with which they lay their desecrating hand upon all that is holy, are but symptoms of the pangs within—are but wretched shifts to drown that awful voice which the spirit of God is ringing in the startled ear of conscience.

So it was with Mr. Lindsley. In fleeing from the Spirit of God he rushed into the pathway of guilt. To still the voice of conscience that he might travel that path undisturbed, he tried to disbelieve the Bible; but the truth had been graven in such deep and living characters upon his heart, that it could not be thus erased.

Whenever he allowed himself to reflect, the burning conviction, in spite of all his avowed infidelity, still clung blistering to his heart, that there was an awful hell in which God would one day punish him for his sins. Death, therefore, whenever it was brought near, came clothed in tenfold terror.

An event illustrative of this remark occurred while his family still remained with him. In returning on horseback, one night, from a scene of revelry, he was thrown from his horse, and so seriously injured that his life for some time was despaired of. During his confinement, it was observable to all who visited him, how bitter and dreadful the thoughts of death were to him. Not a word of infidelity, nor an oath, dropped from his lips while he lay thus near the confines of eternity.

Hopes were then entertained that a permanent change would be wrought in him. But the first place he visited, after leaving his sick room, was a grocery. He immediately returned to his former courses, apparently with increased relish—certainly with more unbridled indulgence.

It now became evident to all, that the excess and dissipation in which he indulged would soon break down his constitution, and terminate his life. The event showed that these apprehensions were well grounded.

A few months after his acts of cruelty had banished his wife and daughter from his home, he was attacked with an inflammatory complaint, which daily became more and more alarming, and threatened to terminate speedily his earthly career.

He at first did not consider his disease dangerous, and therefore, with the help of his companions, who were often with him, he for a while kept up his spirits. The

profane jest—the loud laugh—and the merry carousal, dissipated the gloom and tediousness of the sick room. But as the violence of his disorder increased, the visits of these profligate companions became more seldom. For vice and profligacy do not love to look upon the grizzly features of the king of terrors.

Mr. L. began to feel the want of that kind attendance which mitigates the sufferings, and eases the pains of a sick bed. He thought of his mother—she was in her grave. He thought of his wife—wormwood and gall were in that thought! Why was she not by his side? Often had she tended around his bed of sickness, with all the nursing care and tenderness which fond affection could dictate. Why did not her meek and gentle form now stand by the side of that couch of languishing? Ah, he knew too well the cause; and the remembrance of it was like a poignard to his heart.

Mr. Lindsley had now to spend many hours alone—they were hours of darkness, of desolateness, and direful anguish—often filled up with oaths, imprecations, and blasphemy. At times the frail form of his much injured and heart-broken wife would seem to glide before him—and then for a moment his feelings would relent, and the determination would be formed, that she should be entreated to return. But as the thought was revolved over in his mind, pride would start up, and force him to a different conclusion. “No,” he would say, “never shall the words I uttered when she for the last time bade me adieu, be recalled. I then said, and the word shall never be revoked—*go—go to those you care more for than for me, and know that your presence will never be again welcomed beneath this roof, till my body is borne lifeless over that threshold.*”

It was in the midst of these reflections, that the minister of the place, a young man, ardent in his feelings, and bent upon being faithful to the souls committed to his charge, called upon Mr. Lindsley. He was acquainted with the history of the man, and knowing that he stood upon the borders of eternity, he thought it his duty to warn him of the awful plunge he was about to make. With a firm and fearless voice he told him, "that dying in his present state he would sink into everlasting ruin—that nothing but the blood of Christ could wash away the ten thousand stains of guilt with which he was defiled—that he must repent—that he must have faith in Christ—that his heart must be changed, else there was not the slightest hope for him—that he had no time to spare—that he ought to pray every instant until death stopt his breath—and that with his permission he would now appeal to the throne of grace in his behalf."

All this was kindly intended. It evinced faithfulness on the part of the man of God. But at the same time, there was, perhaps, a want of prudence in *the manner* in which this conversation was introduced. It stirred up the fierce passions, and exasperated the maddened feelings, of this dying profligate. His "face gathered blackness," and there was visible upon every feature wrath, and bitterness, and scorn. Stubborn and unsubdued, he spurned all his entreaties and counsel, and bade him "not to presume to be *his mouth-piece* to the Almighty."

A few days after this interview, this wretched man became, for the first time, impressed with the full conviction that he should never recover. The thought of death, judgment, and the solemn realities of the Bible filled his soul with consternation and dread. Like a

drowning man, he now stretched out his hands—eager to grasp at any thing that afforded the slightest hope of keeping him from sinking into the dreadful gulf that gaped beneath. He remembered that the Rev. Mr. Z——, was officiating in a neighbouring village. On a former occasion, when in great affliction, this man had poured the balm of Christian consolation into his wounded heart. It was he that officiated (he then being their Pastor) at the funeral of Mr. Lindsley's son, whose death has been noticed in the former part of this narrative.

For the character of this man Mr. Lindsley still retained a high respect. And now that life seemed waning, and the awful scenes of eternity were ready to burst upon him, he felt no disposition to wear longer the wretched mask of hypocrisy. He wished for a spiritual counsellor. A request was accordingly sent to the Rev. Mr. Z——, soliciting the favour of a visit.

This man was truly venerable and apostolic in his appearance. Age had added to a stout and well proportioned form a dignity that comported admirably with his sacred office. The sweetness of his temper, and the amiability of his heart, exhibited themselves not only in the soft and persuasive accents in which he spoke, but in the striking and uniform urbanity and gentleness of his manners. But with this great mildness, he united decision and energy of character. In all matters of indifference, the benevolence of his heart led him to be as yielding to the wishes of those around him as the flexile reed to the wind; but where duty or principle was involved, he was as firm and immoveable, as the ocean rock that has remained for centuries unmoved, amid the fierce dashing of ten thousand waves.

Such was the character of the man, that in obedience to the summons he had received, now approached the sick bed of Mr. Lindsley. Kindness beamed upon his countenance as he entered the room, and the first expressions of sympathy he uttered for the sufferer before him, gave naturally a serious and religious turn to the conversation. He affectionately entreated the sick and dying man to "acquaint himself with God, and be at peace." He set before him, in a succinct and luminous manner, the way of salvation—"repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."

To all this Mr. Lindsley seemed to listen, as to something that was to be said, as a matter of course. As Mr. Z—— paused, he rather abruptly, and in a tone that savored very little of broken hearted contrition, said, "Sir, I have sent for you to baptize me."

"Nothing," replied the man of God, "can give me higher satisfaction, than to administer to you this holy rite, if you can exhibit evidence that you possess proper qualifications for receiving it." "It is not to be concealed," continued Mr. Z——, "for standing here as the minister and messenger of God, I dare not 'speak smooth things or prophecy deceits'—it is not to be concealed, that you have lived in open and avowed disbelief of the Christian religion—you cannot receive baptism without declaring your decided belief in the truth of this religion."

"That I can honestly and sincerely do," said the sick man.

"No man liveth and sinneth not," continued the aged minister; "and every returning sinner, before he can be admitted into the fold of Jesus, must confess, bewail, and renounce his sins—the best man living has sins enough

to mourn over—and must be finally saved, if saved at all, by free and unmerited grace. But, *you*, I say it in kindness, *you* have been no common sinner. There is a load of guilt on your soul, which, if its whole weight be felt, must press you down very low in the depths of sorrow.”

“ I know it, I feel it,” replied Mr. L., with more emotion than he had before exhibited, “ I have been a wicked, a very wicked man, but I repent me of my sins.”

“ You are then willing to declare that you solemnly and forever ‘ renounce the devil and all his works,’—that you will hereafter turn from, and detest sin, and whatever is sinful ?”

“ I am ready to do this,” responded Mr. L.

“ O, Sir,” continued the faithful minister, “ it is a very solemn business to put ourselves in the attitude of covenanting with God. His piercing eye looks into the inmost recesses of the heart—he sees the hidden motive—he cannot be deceived—he will not be mocked ; allow me to read the interrogatories that will be addressed to you at the time of baptism.”

Here Mr. Z—— read from the baptismal service, the questions that are put to the candidate immediately previous to his receiving that solemn ordinance, inquiring of the sick man at the close of each question, if he could in sincerity subscribe to what was there demanded.

To each of which he replied by the single monosyllable, “ Yes.”

“ Mr. Lindsley,” said this venerable negotiator between God and man, new energy lighting up his countenance, as he spoke. “ Mr. Lindsley, I wish you to be saved—and therefore I must deal faithfully with you. Have you indeed considered what it is to receive hap-

tism—have you weighed the meaning of those questions—have you thought how much is implied in renouncing ‘the sinful desires of the flesh so that you will not follow nor be led by them.’ Consider what a state of affection this implies. No matter what may be your wishes, your desires, your inclinations—if they are not in strict accordance with the holy will of God, you bind yourself by the most solemn of vows to ‘renounce’ them—to give them up—to sacrifice them—though the effort cost you as much pain as the amputation of an arm, or the plucking out of an eye. Are you ready to sacrifice self, and bow thus submissively to the will of God.

“Consider in whom you profess faith! In Christ! That Christ whom you have denied, abjured and blasphemed. In receiving baptism you declare, that abandoning every other hope, you look to him alone for salvation—you cast yourself upon his free mercy—fully sensible that unless he saves you by an act of infinite grace you must perish—and that if you perish, you are determined to perish at the foot of the cross.

“Consider also that you are to vow, that you will not only abandon your former courses, and habits, and sins—making a complete surrender of yourself to Christ, your King; but that you ‘will obediently keep God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life.’ What surrender could be more perfect than this? What profession of religion could be more solemn or unqualified?

“Now, Sir, are you willing thus to give yourself up to God? Allow me to specify. You cannot but be sensible, if you have any right views of your own past conduct—you cannot but be sensible that you have injured—cruelly injured your family. The only reparation that you can

now make them, is a frank and humble acknowledgment of the ill-treatment they have received at your hands. Nothing can prevent your making this acknowledgment, unless it be a remaining 'sinful desire of the flesh.' That desire you must sacrifice, or never receive baptism from my hands."

The religious feelings which at this time existed in the bosom of Mr. L., had been awakened solely by the fear of death, and the dread of that punishment that follows death. While occupied by this one absorbing emotion, which grew more intense, with every advancing step of terror's King, the proud and rebellious spirit of depraved nature lay in a state of dormancy—but it was not subdued. Agonized at the thought of dying in guilt, and dropping into endless perdition, Mr. Lindsley was anxious to perform some external act of religion, from which he might gather some gleam of hope: forgetting in this hour of mental agony, that external ordinances can be of no avail, without the heart is right in the sight of God.

That which determined him to send for the Rev. Mr. Z——, at this time, as his spiritual counsellor, was the uniform character this man sustained for dove-like gentleness and universal benevolence. With such a counsellor he hoped his path to the grave would be rendered smooth, and his passage to the eternal world easy; and that he should be spared the painful business of laying bare to the severing knife, the dark depravity and deep corruptions of the inner man.

When, contrary to his expectation, his spiritual counsellor applied a searching caustic to every wound, and with a discriminating perception that seemed almost divine, touched that string in his heart to which a thou-

sand feelings of concealed, but deep-rooted depravity vibrated—making, *a reconciliation with his family—an acknowledgement to them of sorrow and contrition for the many evils they had suffered at his hands*—the sole condition, upon which he would administer baptism to him. Mr. Lindsley hastily replied, and the tones of his voice were those, not of an humble, dying, penitent, but of a self-willed and unsubdued sinner,

“That acknowledgment, Sir, I can never make.”

“Then,” said Mr. Z——, with a solemn and emphatic tone, “I can never baptize you. And,” continued he, “as I see no prospect of being of any further service to you, I will now take my leave.”

He accordingly arose and proceeded to take his departure. His hand was already upon the latch of the door, when the sick man raising himself up in his bed, his countenance exhibiting ten thousand conflicting and soul racking emotions, exclaimed,

“O my God, must I then die unbaptized !”

The kind hearted minister, affected even to tears, at this sudden burst of feeling, turned round and said,

“Deluded man, baptism cannot wash the deep corruption from your heart. Until your feelings are changed, and your stubborn will subdued, there is no hope for you.”

“Hear me,” said the sick man, gathering new strength from the intensity of internal and agonized feeling. “Hear me—if *you* desert me, then there is no hope;” and as he spoke, torrents of scalding tears coursed down his haggard checks—“I wish to be baptized for several reasons—one is, that I may declare my belief in the Christian religion, which, although I have often abjured with my lips, I have never doubted in my

heart. I am sensible that I am now near eternity, and that Hell is yawning beneath the very place where I lie. I would be saved. My pride has been my ruin. That prevented me from going forward to unite myself with the church of Christ, at a season when the Spirit of God wrestled powerfully with my soul. O, had I then bound myself by a solemn and inviolable vow to the service of my Maker, what a tremendous wreck should I have avoided. My pride just now would not suffer me to make peace with the wife of my youth, and the child of my early love. Yes, I have *cruelly injured them*. They were all that is kind, gentle, holy, affectionate, and lovely; and, amid all the bitter breathings and envenomed rancor of this wretched heart, I have ever loved them, and love them still."

Exhausted by this effort to unburthen the conflicting emotions of his soul, Mr. L. now sunk back upon his bed in silence. A milder and more subdued aspect sat upon his countenance, than had before been observed.

Mr. Z—— then told him, that on his way to visit him, he had fallen in with Mrs. Lindsley and Mary Anna, and that they were now in the village, ready to fly to his embrace. "Will you not"—continued he—"allow me to call upon them, and assure them that you truly deplore the misdemeanors of your life, and desire, before you depart hence, next to being reconciled to God, a perfect reconciliation with them."

To this Mr. L. immediately consented, and in a few minutes the wife and daughter were at his bed-side.

CHAP. VI.

“ That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming Heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread
Swells the high Trump that wakes the dead !
Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be *Thou* the trembling sinner’s stay,
Though Heaven and earth shall pass away.”—*Scott*.

THE parted family were again beneath the same roof, and happy in each others presence—all unkindness was forgotten. The mother and daughter were now unwearyed in their attentions and efforts to contribute to the comfort of the sick and dying man ; and the object of their constant and most tender solicitude, was, that he might be prepared to enter upon that dread eternity which now stretched before him.

Baptism had been administered to him—he having given evidences of contrition and repentance, that, in the view of his spiritual guide, justified this act.

“ Who”—said Mr. Lindsley, as he lay upon his bed one afternoon, now greatly debilitated, his countenance changed, and his features exhibiting evidences of a chastened and subdued spirit—no one at the time being in the room except Mary Anna,

“ Who was that, that just called ?”

“ Richard H——,” said Mary Anna.

“ Ah,” said the father, “ what could have brought

Richard here—such as him do not usually like to visit those who are treading on the misty verge of eternity.”

“He said,” replied Mary Anna, “that he should like to see you to drive away moping melancholy. But mamma told him, that you wished not to be disturbed by visitors.”

“She did right in not admitting him, and yet I could almost wish that she had, that I might have told him of that deep and burning Hell into which he and the club will sink; of that dreadful cup of indignation that they will drink at the hand of God through all eternity. But no—he would have laughed and made a joke of it, and I am too weak, and too unsettled in my own hopes to have overcome him by reasoning.”

Here he paused as though in a deep and painful reverie. The infidel club, of which Mr. Lindsley had been an active member, hearing of his religious concern, and desire to receive baptism, sent at various times a deputation to dissuade him from what they termed “apostacy.”

He uniformly declined seeing them, remarking, “that he needed all his time to make preparation for the awful change that awaited him.”

It was one of that miserable gang that had just called, and to whom the foregoing conversation related.

Mary Anna did not feel disposed to interrupt the train of her father’s thoughts, and he therefore mused on for awhile in silence. At length, as though unconscious of the presence of any other being, he thus gave utterance to the thoughts that were moving in his mind.

“That was the guiltiest night of all! Those recollections, as though steeped in the burning waters below, how they scorch my wildered brain! Ah! what if in the fearful day of final reckoning my judge shall

call up the remembrance, and place before me in vivid perception, the transactions of *that night—that night* when I stamped on the Book of God, and reviled, and sneered at, and blasphemed the name of Christ. O, what maddening thoughts come thick and crowding upon my memory !”

Here Mary Anna alarmed at the energetic and almost frantic manner of her father, moved her chair in turning to look upon him. The slight noise occasioned by this movement, recalled to his recollection the presence of his daughter.

In a calmer but no less solemn manner, he continued, “O, my child, you know nothing of those dark portions of my existence. You have felt the blighting influence of the demon within me. In bitterness, and by a course of conduct cruel as the grave, I drove you and your mother from my dwelling ; but there are darker and more desolate passages in my history than this. And, if in the awful hour when I meet the judge eternal, he shall point to those scenes, I shall acknowledge the justice of that sentence which sweeps me into the fiery concave of endless woe.”

“O, my dear father,” said Mary Anna, agitated with deep feeling, and anxious to turn his desponding eye to some beacon of hope—“There is a Saviour for sinners. Jesus Christ died for sinners. He tells us that he is ‘able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him,’ and ‘that whosoever cometh unto him he will in no wise cast out.’”

“Yes, my child,” said he, “there is a Saviour, but I do not know that I have gone to him, or given myself up to him.”

He then asked her to draw the curtain of the window,

and let in a little more light. She did so, and the rays of the setting sun streamed into the room in all their rich and golden lustre.

“How glorious,” said he, “is the material sun, but infinitely more glorious and resplendent is *the sun of righteousness*. O, that I could see *it* thus shining upon my darkened soul. Sometimes I venture to cherish a little hope. I felt a satisfaction in receiving baptism. I wished to bear testimony of my firm belief in the religion of the cross. That cross now emits the only transient ray of hope that falls upon my darkened vision. I know not how it will be with me. I have sinned against light and knowledge, against warnings the most solemn, and convictions the most deep—against love, and kindness, and mercy. I shall not be surprised, when I open my eyes in eternity, if I am in Hell.”

These were the last remarks he ever made. The violence of his disorder rapidly increased, and that very night he crossed the mystic line that separates time from eternity.

In this melancholy narrative, we have striking proof, that they, who resist the strivings of the Spirit, and neglect the divinely appointed means of grace, do verily reject the counsel of God against themselves, and ultimately provoke him “to swear in his wrath that they shall never enter into his rest.”

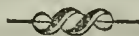
Will it be suggested, that perhaps the subject of this memoir found mercy at last? It may be he did. It was natural for his friends to hope that he did.

But reader art thou willing to risk thy eternity upon such a *perhaps*. Canst thou witness this exit of a fellow mortal whose dying moments were clouded with uncertainty, and doubt, bordering upon despair, and not

shudder at the thought of closing thy earthly career amid such appalling darkness. Yet, if thou deferrest the work of thy salvation till to-morrow, what security hast thou that thy end will not be like the end of this man!

It is the exalted privilege of those whose hopes are upon the rock Christ Jesus, to die with comfort—often with triumph; and their death is not unfrequently made instrumental in producing great and lasting good.

This remark was strikingly illustrated in the death of Mrs. Lindsley, an account of which will be given in the next chapter.



CHAP. VII.

“Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.”—*From the 37th Psalm.*

THE scenes of sorrow and suffering through which Mrs. Lindsley had passed, had ruined her health and broken her heart. Consumption, which with her maternal family was an hereditary disease, was already gnawing upon her vitals. Two months after Mr. Lindsley's death, she was laid low in the earth by his side. She was sensible for many weeks that her final hour would soon come. She often spoke of the arrival of that hour as of an event, that would release her from a world of sin and sorrow, and translate her to the presence of her Saviour and God.

She waited in patience her appointed time. And her last hours bore striking testimony to the power of divine grace, and were blessed, as there is every reason to believe, to the *saving of a soul from death.*

Mr. Lindsley's abandonment of the club of which he

had formerly been so prominent a member—his solemn renunciation of those skeptical views which he had once so assiduously propagated—his firm and avowed conviction of a future existence—his awful apprehensions of a ruined eternity—and his extreme anxiety to gather from the pages of the Bible, and the institutions of the Gospel, hopes to support him in the trying hour of death, gave a fatal blow to that corrupt and guilty association.

His death and the circumstances connected with it, seemed to produce a deep and abiding impression upon the mind of one of his former associates, Richard H——, whose name has been incidentally mentioned in this narrative. This man was better read, and more intellectually established in skepticism than any other individual in the Atheistical club.

His mother, who died when he was young, was an eminently pious woman. During her life, his religious education was with her a subject of deep and constant solicitude. She sought by every maternal art and endearment to win his young and tender heart to the love of Jesus. Often and ardently did she pour out her soul in supplication to God for her child. She asked for him, neither wealth, nor honour, nor eminence; but simply, *grace*. And her dying words were,

“Adorable Jesus, by all thy wounds, and agony, and blood, *save—I entreat thee—save my child.*”

Richard at this time was quite young, and, after the death of his mother, not having any pious friend to counsel or instruct him, his early impressions were apparently soon effaced. He became addicted to irregular courses, and seemed to have no fear of God before his eyes. As he grew up, however, he evinced strong native powers of mind, and passed through his collegiate course with great credit to himself. While in college he

imbibed the absurd idea—an idea which has ruined many a youth of great promise—that superiority of intellect can be displayed only in leaving the beaten track, and originating new systems and theories. These same views influenced him even in religious matters; and falling in with several French writers, he at once embraced their voluptuous and skeptical philosophy, and thus became in his religious sentiments a perfect *free thinker*.

Nothing ever occurred to arouse him from his dreams of infidelity, until the death of Mr. L. He had for many years been addicted to habits of intemperance, and, in his association with Mr. Lindsley, found himself united to a kindred spirit. The death of Mr. L., as we remarked, seemed to startle him. He became evidently more thoughtful and temperate. He was frequently heard to say with some concern, in the presence of religious people,

“If the Bible be true, I wish to know it. If there is a Hell, I certainly do not wish to go there.”

As Mrs. Lindsley's health declined, he frequently called to make inquiries after her. The afternoon on which she expired, he came to the house, and being informed that she was sinking rapidly, begged the privilege of seeing her. At this time Mrs. L. was still able to converse, and all her words breathed forth the sweetness and amiability of the religion she professed. She expressed no over-weening confidence in relation to her acceptance with God, but at the same time it was manifest that her faith in the power and mercy of the Redeemer was firm and unshaken. Meek and resigned to his will, her whole appearance indicated the most perfect calmness and serenity. She at times spoke to those around her, and affectionately entreated them to *prepare to meet their God*.

To one who expressed regret at finding her so low, she replied,

“Ought you to regret that I am going home. As long as I remain here I must inhabit this body of suffering and sin. But when released from it, I hope through the infinite mercy of God in Christ to be pure, and perfectly happy. Then may I not say, ‘for me to die is gain?’”

A short time after she remarked,

“The Saviour says, ‘I know my sheep.’ This is a delightful thought to the soul that is about to be launched into the world of spirits. Christ knows all his followers, and will neither overlook nor forget one of them.”

She then requested a friend who was present, to read the 27th and 28th verses of the 10th of John. “My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.”

“These are indeed comforting words”—she added after the passage had been read—“they are to my soul ‘like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ ‘I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish’—precious promise!”

Mr. H—— stood and for a long time gazed in silence upon this lovely woman, gently sinking down into “the valley and shadow of death,” and sustained at every step by the arm of the Omnipotent Jesus. She at length lifting up her eyes said to him,

“Mr. H——, I have often heard that you had a pious mother. I hope soon to meet her in Heaven. O, that I could be the bearer to her of the happy intelligence that the child, whom she so tenderly loved, and whose

salvation she so earnestly supplicated in her dying hour, was treading the narrow path to join her in the skies!"

A thunderbolt from the throne of Omnipotence, would not have more suddenly startled, or more powerfully agitated Mr. H——, than did this remark. His whole appearance bespoke uncommon emotion, and a torrent of tears suddenly rushed down his stern and swarthy cheek. Perhaps no language can give to the reader a more accurate idea of the deep workings of his mind at that moment, than the account which he himself gave to an acquaintance some years after, when he had become to all appearance a sincere believer, and a truly reformed man.

"The dying chamber of Mrs. Lindsley," said he, "was the place, where all the strong ramparts of infidelity within which my mind was entrenched, were suddenly overthrown, and where the light of God's truth broke in upon my soul in spite of all resistance. I had read many infidel authors, and considered my principles as unalterably fixed. I had also examined most of the works that had been written in defence of Christianity, and found nothing in them to shake my opinions. But what argument, and learning, and talent could not do, the exhibition of divine power could. As I stood looking upon Mrs L., calm, collected, and unshaken in a situation in which the courage of many a warrior would have quailed, I asked myself—

"What supports that frail and feeble woman? Is it enthusiasm? No. A spirit as tranquil and passionless as hers, must be a stranger to enthusiasm. Is it natural firmness of nerve? No. She has it not. Through life, from the very delicacy of her physical structure, she has been as tremblingly alive to every rude touch as the

sensitive plant. What power then is it that enables her to look so tranquilly upon all the horrors that cluster around the thought of dissolution and death? *It is the power*—a voice seemed to whisper in my ear—*it is the power of God.*

“It was at this moment that Mrs. L. addressed me and spoke of my mother. Her sainted image instantly rose before me. Her looks, her words of kindness, her prayers, and her pious instruction were all as fresh in my recollection as if she had died but the day before. And now every ‘refuge of lies,’ in which I had long trusted, forsook me—I could not summon a single infidel argument to sustain me. I felt like a drowning man that is sinking to the bottom of the ocean. And from that hour I could never emancipate myself from the rooted conviction of the truth of the Bible. I view myself as ‘a brand plucked from the burning,’ and through eternity I shall bless God that in his infinite mercy he led me to the sick and dying chamber of Mrs. Lindsley.”

Mrs. L. gradually sunk down into the sleep of death, the light of heaven continuing to beam upon her to the very last gasp. The last words that she uttered, were those of prayer and praise. As life was rapidly waning, she faintly breathed these words,

“Jesus to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust.”

Mary Anna stood by the bed holding her chilled and icy hand. Turning to her a look of affection, her eye sparkling with hope, she added,

“I find my child, that

“Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

With these words she breathed out her life.

Mary Anna who had already passed through many trials, was now left to struggle with new difficulties. They, who are surrounded by the delightful presence and warm affection of parents, can know but little of the sorrows of an orphan. Even where a mother survives, though in feeble and declining health, her counsel and soothing words, give bouyancy to the spirits, and fill us with the delightful consciousness that there is one being whose affection can not be alienated, and whose interest in us can suffer no diminution. But when she is taken, and we stand unconnected by a single kindred tie to the rest of the world, the bereavement is indeed dreadful, and there cannot fail to be felt a sense of loneliness, which no language can describe.

Thus it was with Mary Anna Lindsley. As she returned from the grave of her mother, she could not refrain from asking herself,

“What is there now left in this world for me? I have no friends—no means of subsistence—the last eye that looked kindly on me is now closed in death—there is nothing on this earth for me to lean upon. But blessed be the eternal Jehovah ‘the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort,’ who has promised that He will be a ‘Father to the fatherless.’ That promise I will now claim. I will lean upon his Heavenly arm and give up myself entirely to his guidance and direction.”

Happy are they, who by their afflictions are thus led to make a complete surrender of themselves into the hands of their Creator. That gracious and Almighty Being never disappoints those who trust in Him. He will most assuredly make “all things work together for good to them that love Him.”

Friends were quickly raised up to pour the soothing

balm of consolation into the bosom of this young orphan. One who had long known and appreciated her worth, and for whom she had the highest esteem, sought her hand.

About a year had now elapsed since the death of her mother. Grief had begun to subside, and hope, to point to a brighter day. She was soon to be married to a man whose principles and character, both her heart and judgment approved.

They were sitting together at the close of a summer's day, under an arbour in a delightful garden. Universal nature was dressed in smiles. He was reading a beautiful poem on the joys of Heaven.

As he paused for a moment, Mary Anna inquired,

"Do you think that friends will recognise each other in eternity?"

"Certainly;" he replied—"though I might find it difficult to state definitely, upon what evidence that opinion is founded. St. Paul I think incidently asserts this doctrine. Addressing those whom he had been instrumental in turning to righteousness, he informs them that he cherished the delightful hope, that they would be his 'crown of rejoicing' at the appearing of Christ in the day of judgment. This they could not be, unless recognized by him in that hour."

"My mind," said Mary Anna, "while you have been reading, has been running over the scenes of my childhood, and the striking and awful events that have marked the history of my family. I fully believe that all those afflictive dispensations were ordered in mercy—they were intended by a merciful Heaven to sanctify and save. Affliction is good for me—so deeply am I convinced of this, that I look with suspicion and fear upon every an-

ticipated prospect of earthly happiness. Yes, sorrow is the better path for me while I remain in this sinful world, and when I leave it, I trust through the boundless mercy of a crucified Redeemer, to participate in the unending joys of Heaven."

These last words were uttered with such an unearthly accent, that her friend turned to look at her. An ashy paleness suddenly came over her countenance. It was the paleness of death! A blood vessel had been suddenly ruptured; and in a few fleeting moments she was in eternity—furnishing another melancholy proof, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

It was over the graves of this family that I stood and meditated long upon the instability and emptiness of earth, contrasting its perishing vanities, with the enduring realities of Heaven, which are the purchase of Christ, and will be the inheritance of his people. Reader, may divine grace make thee one of those people, and bring both thee and the writer of these pages at last "unto the city of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem," to join "the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in Heaven."

THE END.

IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE,
AND AFTER THAT THE JUDGMENT.

When those we love are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful pow'r imprest,
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world allure no more ;
Behold the op'ning tomb ;
It bids us use the present hour,—
To-morrow death may come.

The voice that tells of death's near scene
May ev'ry heart obey !
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray :

O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.